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A CENTURY OF MORAVIAN SISTERS

A Record of Christian Community Life

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Sister Christine Riem of Lancaster who married Peter Fetter of Bethlehem

JAN 9 1919
THEOLOGICAL SEMINARY

A Century of Moravian Sisters

A Record of Christian Community Life

By
ELIZABETH LEHMAN MYERS

Drawings
By
FRANK J. MYERS

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A Gift to My Son

PREFACE

THE group of stone buildings on Church Street, Bethlehem, Pennsylvania, known as the Sisters' House, Gemein House (Congregation House), and Widows' House, is a centre of interest to the tourist or to the newcomer within our gates.

The women who have lived in them have come from Europe, the West Indies, South America, and all parts of North America. Cultured women of high degree; women of lesser degree but just as sweet and gentle, and women of the working class, strong and willing but with the same desire for spiritual uplift,—all these have dignified the old houses with the graciousness of their living.

No historian has yet appeared to chronicle their doings. Fortunately, the early sisters kept a diary, noting the most ordinary actions of daily life; and this diary, now in the archives of the Moravian Church in Bethlehem, has been very helpful to me in the portrayal of life in the Eighteenth Century. The "Transactions of Moravian Historical Society" contain many interesting papers notably by Matthew Henry and James Henry which were a great assistance in the preparation of this book.

The booklets and historical pamphlets of the Rt. Rev. Edmund de Schweinitz, the Rt. Rev. J. M. Levering and the Rev. W. C. Reichel have been studied carefully in order to give a correct

back-ground for the groups of women, quaint and lovable, who move through these pages. The records of burials in the old graveyard by Dr. Augustus S. Schultze has been invaluable to me for names, dates and leading facts. The archives of the Moravian Church at Lititz and Bethlehem were courteously placed at my disposal by the custodians.

The couplets from the old chorales which head each chapter, were found, of course, in the hymn books belonging to the different periods.

Various minor facts I have carefully gleaned here and there, to form a picture as complete as may be at this late day.

There is much that is, as yet, unwritten history and for this I am deeply indepted to those of an older generation, who, still with us, find great pleasure in living their youth over again, conversationally, and taking their friends with them into the intimacy of that bygone day.

If you who now follow me back into the years, can get a real understanding of the kindliness, the whimsicality, the oddity which covered sincerity, the sympathy,—above all, the childlike trustfulness of piety of these old sisters, I will not have delved in vain.

E. L. M.

Bethlehem, Pa.

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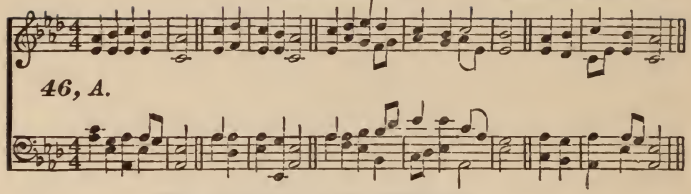
Gregor's 46th Metre.

(Jesu, rufe mich.) Adam Drese, 1693.



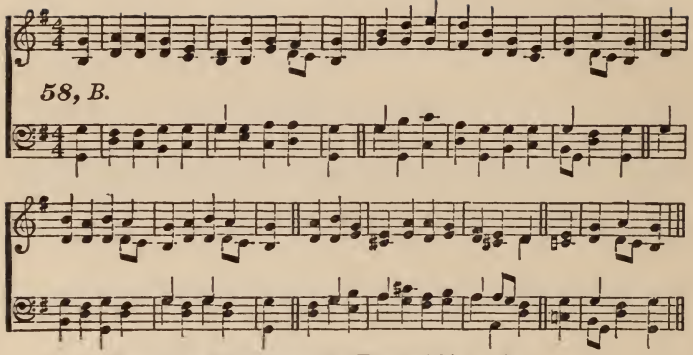
Not Jerusalem—lowly Bethlehem
'Twas that gave us Christ to save us;
Not Jerusalem.

I

Anna Nitschman and the Earliest Sisters

Fidei Unitas.

c. 1250.



Lord, at all times may'st Thou within us find
A loving spirit and a child-like mind;
And from Thy wounds may we receive the power,
Through all life's weal and woe, in every hour,
To cling to Thee.

Thus, till the heavens receive us, shall we be
Like children, finding all our joys in Thee;
And though the tears of sorrow oft must fall,
Yet if Thou to our hearts art All-in-all,
Sweet peace will come.

I

Anna Nitschman and the Earliest Sisters

EARLY in December of 1740, there arrived at the port of Philadelphia, in the British colony of Pennsylvania, a little group of travellers for whom Fate had destined great things.

They were David Nitschman, familiarly known as Father Nitschman, his daughter Anna Charity, her friend Johanna Molther born the Baroness von Seidewitz, with Bishop David Nitschman and Christian Frölich.

Their mission in the New World was to found a settlement for the Unitas Fratrum, or Moravian Church, in that section of the country.

Without lingering in the comfortable Quaker City, they pressed on through the forest to the Barony of Nazareth as it was then called, beyond the Delaware, where the remnant of the Moravian Mission in Georgia had settled.

Their leader, Peter Boehler, had been invited by the evangelist Whitefield to settle on the land owned by him; most thankfully the Moravian Brethren accepted and built for themselves a shelter in the wilderness.

All was amity at first; but by and by a difference of opinion developed on that knottiest of all problems and the one that lay closest to their hearts, Religion.

These men, with their University training, were well-versed in the theology of the day, and the argument waxed bitter. Each man delivered his opinion in sonorous Latin, as that was the language best known to both, but the classic rhetoric died away in unavailing echoes under the great trees, and the only agreement reached was, disagreement.

Brother Boehler and his companions retired into their log cabins for the winter, and great was their joy when Father Nitschman and his party arrived and announced the projected settlement of their own. Brother Boehler had made some inquiries regarding land to the southward, on the Lehigh River and at once communicated his ideas to the Nitschman party.

Two days later, Father Nitschman and two others, shouldered their axes and tramped through the winter woods to have a look at the land under discussion. Anticipating the purchase, they selected a spot for the first house on a hillside sloping down to the Monocacy Creek. At the base of the hillside, was a delightful spring which even in that weather was not frozen over and determined their choice as it provided the water supply. Standing knee-deep in the

snow, Father Nitschman felled the first tree, "about the time of the shortest day"; and before the next winter solstice came around the little band were warmly ensconced in their new home, and had nearly completed the second building now the Gemein Haus on Church Street.

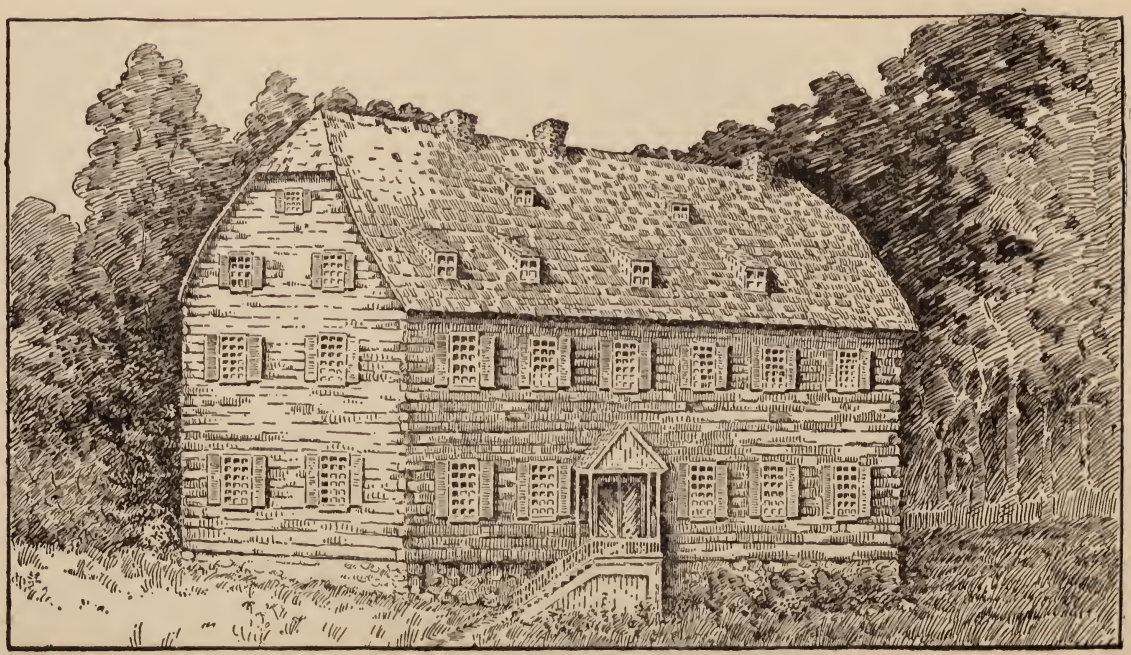
On the 21st of December, 1741, Count Zinzendorf, the great patron of the Moravians, arrived from Germany. He was accompanied by his daughter, Benigna, who found a very few of her own sex to greet her. But these were choice spirits. Rosina Zeisberger, wife of the Missionary Zeisberger, and mother of the famous missionary David Zeisberger; Anna Nitschman, Johanna Molther, and Hannah Hummel from South Carolina.

Christmas eve was celebrated by a love feast in the little cabin. All were present, and inspired by the occasion, Count Zinzendorf impulsively began to sing the old Christmas hymn

Tune 46A.

Not Jerusalem
Lowly Bethlehem
'Twas that gave us
Christ to save us

and seizing a candle led the way into the adjoining cattle stable under the same roof, where sheep and oxen stood in their stalls. The quick fancy of the Count at once grasped the likeness to that other Bethlehem of centuries ago, and he gave its name to the new settlement then and there.



THE GEMEIN, OR CLERGY HOUSE BUILT 1742.

The Zinzendorf party departed on the eve of the New Year, leaving a happy family behind them in the wilderness, including Sisters Zeisberger and Nitschman.

Anna Nitschman was the most noteworthy woman of her time in the Church.

While in Herrnhut, the headquarters of the Church in Saxony, she assembled seventeen young women in a special covenant of consecration to the service of the Lord. This was on May 4th of 1730, and in honor of this ancient covenant, the day is still celebrated as the Covenant Day of the Single Sisters.

Out of this grew the "Choir" system, a division of the church membership into classes according to age and sex, of which more later. While still in Herrnhut, and when only fifteen years of age, Sister Anna was appointed to the office of Eldress, according to the customs of the Ancient Church. She frequently spent whole nights in prayer, and her remarkable spirituality exercised a great influence upon the sisters.

Her portrait in the archives at Bethlehem shows her in the costume worn by the sisters. Blonde, with hig blue eyes set far apart and of the type that artists give to saints, here expression is most benignant. A gentle, visionary woman evidently and yet possessed of indomitable endurance, for she and Sister Molther were the pioneer women missionaries in Pennsylvania,

traveling many miles through this section, sleeping under the stars in the dense forests, and facing the combined terrors of wild Indians and wild animals and poisonous snakes.

After strenuous labors through the southeastern part of the state she returned to Herrnhut, and there became the second wife of Count Zinzendorf in 1757, continuing her faithful work in the Church. In a few short years she was called to her eternal home, and lies in the "Hutberg," the cemetery at Herrnhut.

Therefore she is *not* the Sister Nitschman who is buried in the old graveyard in Bethlehem. This was Juliana Nitschman, Deaconess of the United Fratum, wife of Bishop John Nitschman, cousin of Anna, and a most important worker in the Church. She was one of the young women, who, on that memorable occasion in Herrnhut covenanted with each other to consecrate their lives to God. It was in the year 1749 that she came to this country and took up her spiritual ministry with such ardor that she was given the name "The Mother of Pennsylvania." She was also the mother of four sons the oldest of whom was fourteen when she came to the Colonies, and four boys were quite a responsibility even under the Moravian system of life then in vogue, by which the Church took care of its children, leaving the parents free for the mission work. She was distinguished for her extraordinary piety

and her entire consecration to the service of the Church. For two years she was privileged to labor in this new field, and then, in 1751, she too was "called home" when only thirty-nine years of age. Her early death was looked upon as a great calamity.

As a special honor, Juliana was buried in what was then the center of the old graveyard. This was certainly a great distinction, inasmuch as it was the only departure from the rule of the Brethren that all are equal in death. The Founder of Bethlehem, himself, lies in one of the rows of graves, and all the early Bishops of the Church nearby, but the Church broke its established custom to honor the virtues and labor of this one woman whose life was offered as a sacrifice to the heavy duties of her office.

Founded with the intention of making it a center of missionary operations in the New World, Bethlehem was literally hewn out of the primeval wilderness with much hardship, but with prayer and praise. It was modelled upon the parent village Herrnhut, and from the beginning the policy of exclusion of outside people and interests was adopted. Count Zinzendorf decreed this for all Moravian villages, and it was, at first, a prime factor in preserving the spirituality and religious feeling so needful to the success of an idealistic community.

This was one of the many reasons which made

possible the General Economy instituted in 1742.

When the Congregation was formally established on June 25th of that year it consisted of eighty-two members, and these were divided into two parts known as the Pilgrim Congregation and the Home Congregation.

In addition, an unusual system of living was adopted, called "The Economy." The people of Bethlehem and Nazareth, with two small settlements near Nazareth, formed an exclusive organization in which prevailed a communism not of goods, but of labor. Lititz never adopted this system. Those who owned property were not required to sacrifice it. All they were asked to give was their time and the work of their hands, and in return they received the necessaries of life and the comforts of home.

This system maintained the mission work among the Indians, and the various immigrations from Europe, as the Moravians owned their own sailing vessels in order to be independent.

At the head of the church and the community there stood a most extraordinary man, the Rt. Rev. Augustus Spangenburg known affectionately as Brother Joseph. This name was given to him because in a time of war and scarcity he cared for his brethren as Joseph had cared for his brethren in Egypt. A graduate of the University of Jena, he was a most eloquent preacher, and a ruler whose executive ability carried

through the Economy, and established permanently the American Moravian Church. He made many trips back and forth between the Colonies, England and Germany, engaged with his close friend Count Zinzendorf in conducting the affairs of the Brethren.

Spangenburg's wife, Mary, was a very great help to him. She was one of the most marvelous women of olden times, of lively temperament and great energy. Very practical, she had been placed in charge of the housekeeping of the Congregation in Marienborn, Saxony, and therefore was well-adapted to direct the Bethlehem Economy.

A fluent speaker, she was ready at all times "to keep" a meeting for the Sisters in Bethlehem or Nazareth. Generally esteemed, she was more feared than loved, as her authority was inclined to be a bit imperious. She was usually called "The Mother" on account of her great interest in the details of life, as well as discipline.

On August 13th, 1745, Brother and Sister Spangenburg celebrated the Harvest Love feast in Nazareth, and Mary spoke very feelingly concerning childlike faith. She also referred to the corn crop which had done well in spite of adverse conditions, and was the first crop of corn these German farmers had ever seen. The spinning business among the sisters was then organized, and "Mother Mary" closed the meeting with prayer.

The Spangenburg's returned to Europe in 1748, and Sister Mary lived for only two more years.

The good ship Irene was one of those owned by the Moravians, many a voyage she made across the Atlantic, laden with the faithful. Sometimes the trip was a comparatively short one, but if adverse winds or weather were encountered it was many months before she cast anchor at Staten Island.

In April of 1754, Bishop Spangenburg once more set sail for Pennsylvania on the Irene. He celebrated Easter Day on the ocean calling to mind "the multitudes it had swallowed up, and who should all rise again in that great day of the Lord," the entire ship's company attending the service on deck.

On the voyage, winds and seas were propitious and after a direct and pleasant voyage, the party safely landed on Staten Island and proceeded to Bethlehem.

Upon arrival there, they were welcomed by all. The Bishop was greeted with great joy and a special love feast was celebrated in his honor.

One of the members of the ship's company had been the Widow Miksch, who had been engaged in official work among her sex in Europe, and had come to the new settlement to continue her labors.

Spangenburg had learned to appreciate her as

a "faithful handmaid of Christ," and later in the month of May, 1754, they were married by Bishop Nitschman at Bethlehem.

This second marriage was a very happy one. The bride was a most exemplary woman and her work as his co-laborer was so efficient that he called her "his Martha"—saying, "My Martha is a good child, a worthy gift of the Saviour for me! If her open-heartedness and my sternness could be divided between us, it would be of service to the Church. We yield ourselves up to it." She came to be known by this name so exclusively that it has been taken by some writers to have been her real name.

As a matter of fact, her name was Mary; and I wonder if a little worldly reason did not creep into the Bishop's fondness for the name "Martha," because *Mary* was the name of the first wife!

Brother Valentine Haidt, who painted so many portraits of that time, painted none better than the one of Sister Spangenburg. She was evidently a woman of fine presence with a red cheeked, wholesome look that shows the robust constitution so necessary in those pioneer days. The direct gaze of the eyes, and the strong features denote the qualities that would produce a "Martha."

It is pleasant to find in some old correspondence, a list of supplies sent to the Brethren from

England, that mentions a silk dress for sister Spangenburg from a lady of title in Yorkshire, a woman who also did much church work and who knew something of the stupendous task undertaken by the Spangenburgs in Pennsylvania. Slow as mails were in those days, she must have heard of the marriage, and sent her bridal gift.

At this time the Indian Mission prospered greatly, and Bethlehem became famous amongst the tribes. Many Indians were baptized in the Old Chapel, and many more came to visit the place, leaving again very much impressed. A small village was built for the Indian converts, on the slope of the hill between what is now Church Street, and the Lehigh river, where they settled happily.

Just a short distance down the river lay the Minsi Trail, leading down from the Poconos and Blue Mountain ranges to the tide-water tribes. The trail crossed the river at the old ford, and then led on to the south by the farm of Isaac Ysselstein, now the site of the Bethlehem Steel Company. Ysselstein was a Hollander who settled there in 1738 before the coming of the Moravians, and built for himself a log cabin near the ford.

When Boehler and his company arrived from Georgia, Isaac and his family were very kind to them, and held them in high esteem. Later Isaac died, and after the custom of the time was buried

on his farm, with Moravian rites. Just where he was interred, no one knows, but a constant requiem is now sung over his bones by the roar of giant machinery and the rumble of heavy trains.

His widow Rachel, and her six daughters moved to Bethlehem where they joined the Church and took up its customs, one of which Rachel adopted, only to drop it, namely the wearing of the white bow of widowhood.

Abraham Boemper, the old silversmith of the village, wanted a wife and for his sake Rachel put on the blue bow of the married sisters, and "they lived happily ever after," at least for twenty years more. A few of the silver spoons which Brother Boemper hammered out so patiently on his wooden molds are still in one of the Moravian families.

The Congregation bought the farm of Rachel, and added it to the Church lands. The price Ysselstein paid the crown for all his lands was twenty-six pounds five pence.

The latter part of Sister Rachel's life in Bethlehem was coincident with a time of distress for the village.

It was the period of the French and Indian War, and the Moravians, whose avowed friendship for the Indians was, of course, well known, were accused of being in league with the French. This was most fearfully disproved by the apalling massacre at Gnadenhütten an outlying mis-

sion station, when it was practically wiped out by hostile Indians under French control.

Measures were at once taken to protect Bethlehem. A stockade was built, watch towers erected and the village patrolled nightly. Seventy of the Indian converts were in the town and were of great help, making good scouts. At harvest times they acted as sentries on the borders of the farms in case of an attempt to surprise the towns; and in many other ways showed their devotion.

To ward off all these dangers extreme vigilance was exercised, but nothing of any real moment occurred. It is related that a group of sisters were in a field gathering flax, when Indians endeavored to carry them off, but were foiled. At another time ignited wads were discharged into the thatched roofs of some houses, but were detected in time to save a general fire.

The most serious attempt against the town, occurred early on the morning of Christmas Day 1757, and tradition says was averted by the trombone choir playing its Christmas Chorales on the belvedere of the Brethren's House. It is said that the savages were creeping upon the village in the darkness just before dawn, when strange, solemn sounds from away up in the air fell upon their astonished ears. Three times they heard this melody, (three chorales were played) and with the last one decided it was the voice of the

Great Spirit speaking to them, telling them the Moravians were under his protection, and they were to go away and forever leave the Brethren in peace. So the warriors silently slipped back into the shadows of the great forest, and the troubles of the Brethren were over.

It was months before they knew their narrow escape and then the story was told to them by a Minsi convert, who came down from the mountains.

Up in the Blue Ridge there was living a most remarkable woman, Sister Margaretta Elizabeth Grube, wife of Bernhard Adam Grube, who served in the Indian missions of Gnadenhütten, Pachgotgoch and Wechquetauk. The hardships which this poor sister endured were appalling; with an iron nerve she went through frightful experience.

At Pachgotgoch they lived in a wigwam. The snows of winter fell deep around them, and the bitter cold of the mountains was so intense that to save her baby's life she made its sleeping place between two great Indian dogs!

Finally they were called to Lititz, her husband as pastor and she as Deaconess of the Married Sisters, and she was able to again enjoy the comforts of civilization with participation in the life of the church.

Their daughter Anna Johanna married Broth-

er John Martin Beck; their descendants are living in Lititz to-day.

The Moravians finally gave up their Indian missions due to troubles arising through the misunderstanding of their motives.

With Government interference and when the Government itself announced its desire to take charge of the Indians, they were moved to Bradford County, and a new era began.

Another great change in the year 1762, was the dissolution of the Economy. Each citizen could now work for himself and family and carry on business in his own name, but the towns still remained exclusive Moravian settlements.

At this time news of the death of Count Zinzendorf was received and Bishop Spangenburg and his wife were recalled to Europe. A farewell love-feast was given to them, after which they departed for Philadelphia and set sail for England from that port.

The Brethren had special hymns for their travellers by land or sea, and we may be quite sure that at the love feast for the Spangenburgs' several of them were sung. With the prospect of the long voyage before them, perhaps one of those they sang was the following:

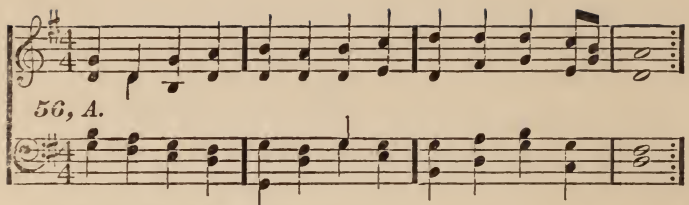
1165—T. 22.

Lord, speed the vessel in its course:
Let winds and wave propitious be;
Let Thy divine protection shield
All whom we now commend to Thee.

Hallowed to Thee be every heart:
  Instructed in Thy righteous will,
Where'er they go, whate'er they do,
  In all, Thy great designs fulfill.

O God of Bethel, hear our prayer,
  And keep Thy servants to the end;
Then let us meet around Thy throne,
  A blest eternity to spend.

II

The Choir of the Single Sisters

We, O Jesus, We, O Jesus claim Thy special care,
Lord, preserve us, Lord, preserve us from each hurtful snare;

II

The Choir of the Single Sisters

SISTER Anna Nitschman, who so indelibly impressed her gentleness and virtue upon her sisters in the faith, laid aside her office as Eldress in Herrnhut when she came to the work in Pennsylvania, but she earned another title in her new home; one bestowed upon her in pure affection; "The Mother," sometimes "Mother Ann." Venerated as was Count Zinzendorf himself, she was also generally beloved, a combination that does not always occur.

The "Choir" system was an outgrowth of her "Covenant" of May 4th, 1730, in Herrnhut, an experience which is historic, and is celebrated on every May 4th, as the Festival of the Single Sisters.

It is most interesting to give Sister Nitschman's own description of this event, written freely, and with no idea of its far reaching significance.

"On the 4th of May, 1730, all the Single Sisters, eighteen in number, who loved the Lord Jesus, were assembled at a love feast in the house of David Nitschman the Weaver, on which occasion it was made plain to them what it really

meant to be a member of this choir, and how they should honor the Lord and be a source of joy to the Congregation.

"Therefore we formed a Covenant to be faithful handmaids of the Lamb.

"Oh! how agreeable this was to me, for before this already, everything was disagreeable to me that was not pleasing to the Saviour, and as I now had more companions who were of the same mind with me, so it can be imagined that this was a great spiritual joy to me.

"The words which at that time were so deeply impressed upon my heart, were:

> Oh, thou Bride of the Soul!
> Should our souls
> Who Thee knew, who Thee name
> Follow any other Star?
> This poor creature is much too small!
> Our spirit desires the King
> For our souls are the Lord's.

"This was my inmost feeling, and I vowed that I would be faithful to the Bridegroom. What experience of His great love toward me, I had I cannot describe."

Surely this was written from the depth of her being! A nun, keeping midnight vigil before the altar, could not have attained greater heights that did this daughter of a carpenter, in the simple cottage.

Count Zinzendorf bestowed much thought upon the arrangement of the choir system, and the admirable outcome was largely due to his administrative ability.

He divided the congregation into choirs, or classes; the children, the older girls, the single sisters, the married sisters and brethren, the widows and widowers, the older boys and single brethren.

Each choir had its own house and duties, separate and distinct from all of the others, its stated meetings, and special hymns and liturgies reserved for its use, but all assembled together on general church occasions.

The sisters dressed uniformly in the quiet colors of gray or brown, with white for festival occasions; and each wore the white cap or Schnepplehaube (cornered cap) which has become so familiar through their portraits. All of the caps were tied under the chin by a ribbon bow of different colors to distinguish the choir. The children wore the red ribbons; the older girls light red; the single sisters, pink; the married women blue and the widows the white bow. Made of a very fine linen, and severely plain, the cap came into a sharp point in the middle of the forehead. There was a quilted interlining for cold weather, and both inner and outer caps, and the separate band bore the initials of the owner in cross stitched letters scarce a quarter of an

inch in height, and the number one, two or three, for the purpose of keeping the separate parts of each cap together. The children wore a cap of a different pattern, viz: a square of fine linen with one point coming over the forehead, and the two points over the ears caught with the ribbon ties. The older girls wore a three cornered cap with their light red bow on top of the cap, as well as ribbon ties.

These ribbon bows were of great importance, and had quite a ritual of their own. The older girls, who wore the light red ribbons, were invested with the pink bow of the single sisters by the Deaconess of that choir in the solitude of her room upon the occasion of their entrance into that choir. When a single sister entered into the happy state of matrimony, she went to the ceremony wearing her cap tied with its pink bow. Immediately after the pastor's wife, who was always Deaconess of the married sisters, took charge of the bride, retired with her to the vestry, and invested her with the dignity of the blue bow. After which they rejoined the company, and all repaired to the place where the feast was spread. Here, for the first time, was the bride privileged to wear the veil and orange blossoms.

And when the sad occasion came to wear the white bow of widowhood, it was the Deaconess of the widows who put the symbolic ribbon in its place, a mournful privilege requiring much gen-

tleness, and consideration, but also with a solemn joy; for the Moravian belief is that there is no "death"; it is "being called home," and so it was spoken of. Even now the phrase is "departed this life."

The dress was an absolutely plain garment; a very full skirt gathered to a close fitting basque, and without a ruffle. Ruffles were considered worldly, an evidence of vanity, and it was a century before they were used by the more daring sisters, who were frowned upon even then, by the old people, for their frivolity.

The street costume was a close bonnet and a full cape not unlike the Puritan style.

This garb was accepted without question and worn with simplicity, and it certainly was a great aid to the spiritual life; for with a mind freed from all petty details of dress and fashion, it was far easier to maintain the quiet serenity necessary to concentrate upon the inner life.

For more than a century the choirs occupied their own houses. The married brethren and sisters in one building and later in their own homes as they built them and the population grew beyond the original housing plan. (In Bethlehem the married Brethren's House stood upon the site of the present church.) The single sisters and single brethren each had their own, the older girls were allotted a few rooms in the sister's House and the children were taken care

of in the Nursery, a stone building which then occupied the present site of the Moravian Bookstore, the caretakers being an elderly married pair assisted by some of the widows.

The widows lived in the massive stone house, opposite the sisters' house, built for them in 1769.

All of these buildings at that time had their private chapels where the various festivals were celebrated and daily services held.

Previous to all annual Festivals and Sacraments, there was a short period of spiritual preparation for the celebrating Choir, each member of which would privately visit his or her Pfleger or Pflegerin (superintendent or Deaconess) for guidance and prayer. The Festal Day itself was, and is, announced from the belfry of the church by the trombone choir, and a love feast and a special communion were, and are celebrated at a later time of the day.

A love feast is a religious service held to commemorate important and eventful occasions, joyful, or solemn and impressive, and usually in the church. It is characterized by exceedingly beautiful music of the highest order, by choir and orchestra, and congregational singing, and by the serving of coffee and buns, which, to quote Reichel, "is to remind the members in a pleasing manner of the family bond which unites them as brethren and sisters in common love to Christ." In these early days love feasts were held on any

and every occasion; in the home, the school and often outdoors. A small or large number of people might be present, with or without the pastor. But always there was the singing of the beautiful hymns in a heartfelt manner, all chosen for their fitness for the particular celebration.

The single sisters had a very pretty custom of announcing their festal day with an anthem of joy, sung at sunrise, and on first appearing for the day, they would congratulate each other upon the happiness of the day as though it were a birthday; which in a way, it was, celebrating as it did, the annual anniversary of Anna Nitschman's Covenant. These congratulations took the form of a blessing from the older to the younger ones, and among the youthful sisters, a joyful exchange of good wishes.

The Chapel of the Sisters was situated on the second floor of their house, in the eastern angle of the present court; this chapel was known as the Grosser Saal. The daily prayers were conducted there, and all services especially intended for the Single Sisters who attended in a body under the care of their Deaconess who usually conducted the services.

Special hymns were written for morning and evening prayer, as for each choir. A favorite morning hymn was:

Tune 14.

"What secret hand, at morning light,
By stealth, unseals mine eye,

Draws back the curtain of the night,
And opens earth and sky?"

and number 891 in the old hymn book is a prayer that can well be sung every morning forever and ever: Tune 22.

Be with me Lord, where 'ere I go
Teach me what Thou would'st have me do
Suggest what e'er I think this day
Direct me in the narrow way.

and an evening hymn which Zinzendorf himself wrote; —he wrote many hymns—was a favorite:

Tune 68.

Jesus hear our prayer
For Thy children care
While we sleep protect and bless us,
With Thy pardon now refresh us,
Leave Thy peace divine
With us, we are Thine.

Another evening hymn, much loved then and now is: Tune 16.

Saviour breathe an evening blessing
E'er repose our spirits seal
Sin and want we come confessing
Thou canst save and thou canst heal.

It is inspiring to contemplate these ancient walls and realize that within them, these fine old hymns have been sung for nigh two centuries to tunes that are older, some of them, than the quarried stones. The old singers have gone to their rest, followed by those who came after them unto the fifth and sixth generation, but the chorales live

because their high level of spirituality and idealism, with the wonderful melody of their music, is immortal.

One of the festival services was led by a minister of a very impressionable temperament, who records that he was much moved by the picture before him. Bench after bench was filled with maidens from rosy youth to withered age; each dressed in chaste white, each one with the neat white cap upon her head, and each one with such a shining exaltation upon her face that he bowed his head in prayer!

In the days whereof I write, women's lives and interests centered in the old stone houses on Church Street.

They lived as one large family under the care of an experienced sister known as the Vorsteherin, or warden, who was in charge of the practical life of the house, looked after the repairs, and paying of bills, the collection of taxes from each sistr, and who closed up the house for the night; and of the Deaconess, who was their spiritual head and final court.

These two women were of the highest type of character, well-educated for that day, and eminently fitted for the task of developing the young sisters entrusted to their care.

The sisters lived in room company style under an older sister who was known as the Vorgesetze, or forewoman, because she directed their work.

She was chosen for her expertness in the special line of work done by that room company; if it was tailoring, then she thoroughly understood cutting and sewing; if she were at the head of the tambour room, then she was thoroughly accomplished in fine stitchery, etc. Two of the sisters in each room were detailed to wash and iron for the rest of the company; these were usually women of no education who were glad to give manual labor.

Each sister paid a small sum for runing expenses; five cents a month each for water, fire and for candles; also five cents a month toward the scrubbing expenses of the great halls and dormitories. These small taxes were handed to the forewoman who was responsible to the warden for them.

Their day began at five a. m. when the rising bell called them from thier slumbers in the airy dormitories. Morning prayer in their chapel preceded the breakfast at six a. m., after which the work of the day was begun, labor which had been determined upon and announced the evening before. With such an early breakfast, a "piece" at nine o'clock was a necessity. This lunch was plain bread, usually. At eleven-thirty the big bell again called them to dinner in the basement dining hall. The sisters marched down two by two headed by the Deaconess, and sang "grace" usually one verse. The meal consisted

of broth, meat, and vegetables in season, with no desert.

Again they took up their work until the "vesper" hour came. This little time for social relaxation was an oasis in the day. In the eighteenth century it was at three o'clock, and tea was the beverage, but later it was advanced an hour earlier, and coffee became the customary drink.

Vespers were in the rooms and each sister had her own chair and strip of rag carpet or hooked rug, to stand the chair upon; also her own mug and spoon.

They drew up around the table and relaxed for the very real pleasure of the occasion. Bread and apple butter were eaten, or sugar cake, and by and by a bit of dried beef as it made the vesper more substantial. The sugar was brown and was not put into the coffee, but eaten separately from the spoon; this was called *bei-essen.*

Supper at five p. m. was cooked in their own rooms by the sisters themselves. They were privileged to buy their suppers from the cook, at a very low sum.

Two shillings six pence per week, was paid for lodging, dinner, and "tea water," which means they were allowed hot water for their tea for breakfasts, vespers and suppers, to be had upon application to the cook, a person who was always

one of their own number, usually an elderly woman and skilled in her art.

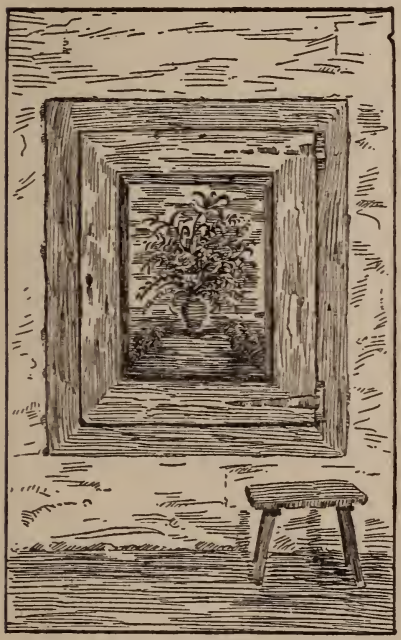
One cook was famous for her pancakes, and families in the town would send their children in for them with plates covered with bowls to carry them home. This cook was probably Catharine Crist who lived as cook with the family of Hans Christian von Schweinitz when he was Administrator of the Bethlehem Congregation, accompanied him to Herrnhut, and on his death in 1802, returned again to Bethlehem and became cook in the Sisters' House, dying in 1831.

The hour for supper was five o'clock and all meals were partaken of in the great dining hall, when announcements of all kinds for the succeeding day were made at the evening meal, but the routine given above was followed for many years into the nineteenth century, by all of the choir houses, the kitchens of the Widows' and Sisters' Houses serving the meals to the Girls' School also for a number of years.

Evening prayer was at eight o'clock in their chapel. The sisters had a string quartette composed of two violins, a viola and a 'cello, all played by members of their choir, and this quartette provided the music for their chapel services.

At nine o'clock the warden locked the house for the night, lookĕd at the leathern fire buckets hanging on their pegs in the entrance hall, installed the night watch of two sisters, and then

the little company filed up to the dormitory on the top floor. This was a very large hall, with high arched ceiling and plenty of dormer windows, making it airy and cool. It was kept sanitary by whitewash which gave a pure, chaste look to the place. The beds stood in rows and were very narrow, requiring a sliding board on each side to prevent a restless occupant from falling out.



THE MYSTERIOUS CLOSET DOOR.

On the landing of the stairs leading up to the dormitory there is a small closet built into the thick, stone wall. The frame and door of this closet were painted a robin's egg blue once upon a time, and the panel of the door presented a tempting surface for decoration. So a clever and talented sister got out her palette and brushes and painted a beautiful vase of flowers

in the style of that period, upon this panel. Faded, but pure, the colors are still good, and the antique picture makes a mute personal appeal to those who come upon it hidden in the shadows of the landing. For who painted it? Was she one of those who came for only a few years bringing the culture of the old world with her and then returned, over the seas, to her native Saxony? Or was she born in Bethlehem, bred in the Sisters' House and does she now lie under the ancient poplars in God's Acre, sleeping but a stone's throw from the picture which her skilful fingers created? There is no record of her name unless it be buried deep under tons of yellow manuscript. Perhaps an old letter will come to light some day giving the story of who did it and when.

The sickroom was near the dormitory. Corners were curtained off providing alcoves for serious or contagious cases, and one sister was always the sick nurse. An offset to the hall immediately outside the sick room with a large window, provided a pleasant place for invalids to sit during convalescence.

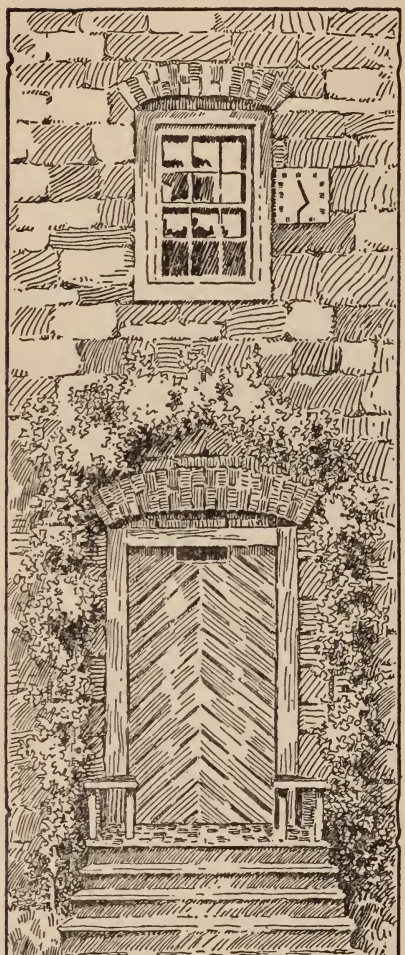
The rooms of the Deaconess were on the second floor southwest corner, and were a private apartment of two rooms, with its own tiny entrance hall or vestibule, the only rooms so honored.

Many happy days were spent under this regimé. It was characterized by extreme simplic-

ity, but that was a leading quality of the Moravians,—simplicity of life and faith. The faith for which persecutions had been endured in the Old World did not desert them in the New World, and the expression of their faith was a beautiful one by reason of its complete spontaneity. Trouble, or joy, it mattered not; they took everything to God with the complete confidence of a little child, and this was not a pose, it was absolutely inherent.

The administration of such a system as was adopted was necessarily more or less rigid, but every one gave cheerful and willing service; indeed the devotion with which labor was performed was remarkable. They dignified it, by making it a service to the community, and consecrated it as a service to the Lord.

Undoubtedly the singing of hymns gave an uplift to their energies when engaged in arduous duties, for they did not sing hymns in church services only. The melody of their beautiful hymns was an aid to all daily activities, and festival occasions frequently proved an inspiration for new hymns in honor of the event. Hymns were written for not only every occasion but for every calling, both brethren and sisters displaying a poetic talent of no mean order, as some of their hymns are of great beauty. Others are of great length, and without the beauty, but no calling was forgotten, at any rate. They were written for the shepherds, the ploughmen, the thresh-



THE SUN DIAL DOOR.

ers and reapers; the scrubbers and washers; the knitters, the sewers and spinners, and sung by all these people while at their work. One of the spinning sisters wrote that "of flax and wool, worsted and cotton, we spin a deal."

Let us enter the Sisters' House (in fancy) through the Door of the Sun Dial, with its queer tiny glass transom into the spacious corner room. Whitewashed walls, no carpet, and simple furniture meet your eyes. The win-

dows were rather small, with many panes of glass, and the thick, stone walls provided deep window sills. Looking out of the window on the green, the old long-handled pump was visible against its background of wild locust trees, which in May were covered with the fragrant pendants of white blossoms. The sun inquisitively shone in the room all day long, but never a speck of dust could he discover, nothing but a group of serene women at their spinning wheels, each one in her dove gray gown and cap with its rose pink bow tucked under the chin. Seated in their high backed chairs they spun the flax raised in their own fields, and to relieve the tedium of their work they sang the hymn written for the Spinners by Bishop Spangenburg:

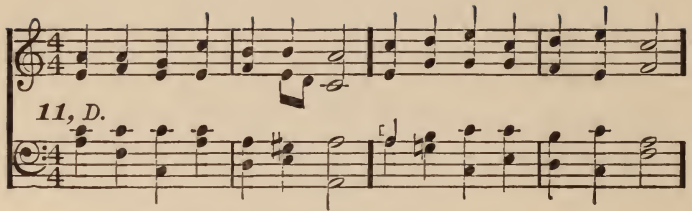
Know, ye sisters, in this way
  Is your work a blessing,
If for Jesus' sake you spin,
  Toiling without ceasing.

Spin and weave, compelled by love,
  Sew and wash with fervor,
And the Saviour's grace and love
  Make you glad forever.

Verily, the old diarist who recorded that "the Church taketh especial care of its maidens,"—spoke the truth.

III

Some Revolutionary Sisters and the Pulaski Banner



'Twas the good physician now,
Soothed thy cheek, and chafed thy brow,

III

Some Revolutionary Sisters and the Pulaski Banner

THIRTY odd years after the founding of Bethlehem, the war of the Revolution cast its shadow upon the peace-loving population. The Moravians advocated the principles of non-combatants, and the older ones undoubtedly regretted the war. But they were not Tories. They were ready to give allegiance to a free government when it was established, and the younger men sympathized unreservedly with the cause of freedom.

The leaders of the Revolution respected the principles of the Moravians. Later, when the service of nursing the sick and wounded was performed by the brethren at great inconvenience to themselves, officers of the army and Congressional representatives who visited the place became great friends with the townspeople.

Troops passed through Bethlehem frequently, in command of prominent officers, but the main army was kept away, and direct contact with war was spared the inhabitants. Havoc and misery there was, however; wounded soldiers came pouring in, their numbers too great for the limited quarters, and many were sent on to Nazareth.

Later Lititz, in Lancaster County, was also requisitioned as a hospital base. Both in Lititz and in Bethlehem the Single Brethren gave up their houses for this purpose.

In Bethlehem, the hospital harbored four hundred, and fifty tents were erected in the garden of the Brethrens' House. Numerous officers had to be placed elsewhere, so rapidly did the place fill up.

Not only the hospitals, but the military stores were brought there, and more than nine hundred army wagons were in camp in the country adjacent to what is now Broad Street.

John Ettwein, pastor of the church at this time, later a bishop, was very active, and took the lead in all matters relating to the Government and the Church. Henry Laurens, of South Carolina who was here in 1777, became a great friend of Brother Ettwein, and conducted a voluminous correspondence with him.

In September of 1777, Brother Ettwein was handed the following order by Dr. Jackson:

"My Dear Sir:

"It gives me great pain to be obliged, by order of Congress, to send my sick and wounded soldiers to your peaceable village—but so it is. Your large buildings must be appropriated to their use. We will want room for two thousand

at Bethlehem, Easton, Northampton, etc., and you may expect them on Saturday or Sunday.

"I send Dr. Jackson before them that you may have time to order your affairs in your best manner. These are dreadful times, consequences of unnatural wars. I am truly concerned for your Society, and wish sincerely this stroke could be averted, but 'tis impossible. I beg Mr. Hasse's assistance. Love and compliments to all friends, from My dear sir,

"Your affectionate, humble servant,

"W. SHIPPEN, D.G.

"Trenton, Sept. 18, 1777."

Just at this time sixteen members of the Continental Congress who had filed from Philadelphia at the approach of Howe's army, arrived in Bethlehem. They were much interested in the village, and visited the Sisters' and Widows' Houses. The great size of these buildings appealed to the surgeons, who desired to seize them at once for hospital use.

Brother Ettwein was very much distressed at this wish, and appealed to the congressional representatives for aid for the women, who, driven out of their homes, would have no place to live.

They gave the matter careful consideration, and then drew up the following order:

"Bethlehem, Sept. 22, 1777.

"Having here observed a humane and diligent

attention to the sick and wounded, and a benevolent desire to make the necessary provision for the relief of the distressed as far as the power of the Brethren enables them.

"We desire that all Continental officers may refrain from disturbing the persons or property of the Moravians in Bethlehem, and particularly, that they do not disturb or molest the houses where the women are assembled.

"Given under our hands at the time and place above mentioned.

Nathan Brownson	William Duer
Nathan Folsom	Cornelius Harnett
Richard Law	Henry Laurens
John Hancock	Benjamin Harrison
Samuel Adams	Jos. Jones
Eliph Dyer	John Adams
Jas. Duane	Henry Marchant
Richard Henry Lee	William Williams

"Delegates to Congress."

The most notable of the wounded soldiers quartered in the town was General La Fayette.

Wounded at the battle of Brandywine he came for medical care, and after a few days at the old Sun Inn he was taken to the Beckel home near by, where Sister Barbara Beckel and her daughter, Liesel, were his devoted nurses.

He was not very ill, so in a short time he was able to play the part of interesting convalescent.

Seated in a high-backed, winged chair, softly padded in red velvet, he accepted with charming French courtesy the attentions given him.

His facile tongue painted his adventures in glowing colors, and the simple maiden Liesel, was completely dazzled by the brilliant soldier. Her father became seriously alarmed and has recorded his anxiety for his pretty, blue-eyed daughter in his diary.

But events showed that in his unsophisticated seclusion, he saw danger where there was none. His worry was needless, for in a month the gay French marquis rode away expressing only deep gratitude, and future pleasant memories.

Sister Liesel never married. What emotion lay deep in her heart no one knows; but she dedicated her life to the care of the sick, becoming the town nurse.

The great walnut chair in which the famous soldier held his court during convalesence, was carefully preserved, and is in the same family to this day.

This episode is one of the high lights of that trying time, for the winter of '77 was filled with great anxiety and self-sacrifice for these people.

After the battle of Germantown, Gen. Washington issued a call for blankets and clothing for the suffering troops. The Moravians made voluntary gifts that gave satisfaction to the military authorities. But there were always camp follow-

THE HALL OF THE GEMEIN HOUSE.

ers who made trouble, and rough and unruly soldiers who wanted clothing. One of these forced his way into the Gemein House, broke open a clothes press, and grabbed what he could. When pursued, he dropped his plunder, which was recovered, happily for the owners, who, doubtless had not only made the garments, but spun the wool and wove the cloth.

Another attempt was made on the Sisters' House; but the thief was frightened off before he had secured very much.

So these poor women lived in daily terror and many a vigil of prayer was held for safety and guidance. The huge iron keys were turned in the heavy locks, and a watch was set, one of the brethren doing this for them at the request of the deaconess, Sister Susel von Gersdorf.

At the time of General Gates coming to Bethlehem, there was great alarm.

The diarist of the Sisters' House records "in the evening just at supper time we were very much frightened by a light-minded neighbor-man running in and saying that they had heard shooting and troops were coming!

Sister Susel calmed him. But in the same hour other people came in tumultously, and said that General Lee was in Istown (Easton) with four thousand men, and he wanted to quarter them here for a rest, and expected proper conditions for them!

"We did not know what to do, but petitioned the watchman, Israel, to see that our possessions would be unharmed.

"Jane Burnet, who was ill in the sick-room, was made very ill by the excitement.

"Gen. Gates arrived the next day at noon with five hundred men, and visited our house in the afternoon with several officers. On the same afternoon Brother Ettwein received an express messenger from Gen. Sullivan, asking that accommodations be ready for four thousand men who would arrive in a few hours.

"Brother Ettwein at once addressed himself to Gen. Gates, who immediately sent his adjutant saying that the order had been carried out and they were already very near Bethlehem; but he would direct them on another road.

"Alas! It was too late! At four o'clock Gen. Sullivan came into the village with four thousand many of them prisoners of war! With much forethough he stationed his own officers at our house so no harm could come to us.

"We made arrangements that all the single sisters and girls of the village should come in the house for the night.

"Brother Ettwein brought General Sullivan and some officers to call who looked *very grand* but seemed very agreeable. Our sisters were asked to sing for them and play on the zither.

"Our guard was changed every three hours,

and when they were relieved they enjoyed a meal in Sister Susel's room. In the night an English speaking sister handed them hot coffee or wine out of the window,—whichever they wanted.

"This guard was continued for the three days and nights they were here. Their conduct was very quiet and respectful, so we were very grateful to the Lord.

"Before they left Sister Susel showed them around the house and thanked them, and Sister Becky Langly addressed Gen. Gates and handed him a beautifully worked pocketbook, made by our sisters, which he received very graciously.

"In the afternoon they marched away, very much pleased with the Brethren.

"In the evening Brother Ettwein conducted a service of thanks in our chapel, at which Susel assisted with tears in her eyes.

"During the night Jane Burnet passed away from a severe hemorrhage. She was consumptive and the excitement was too much for her."

This is a free translation of a most vivid account of the time; the original is in German as were all the records then.

It was these very dangers and troubles however that were responsible for one of the most famous romantic stories of the Revolution, the story of the Pulaski banner.

Count Casimir Pulaski was first in Bethlehem on Maunday Thursday, in the Holy Week of

1778, accompanied by Colonel Kobatsch, a Prussian officer. The two foreigners attended the church service always held on Maunday Thursday, and at that time in the Old Chapel on Cedar Square, and were very much impressed by the solemnity of the occasion.

Pulaski made several visits, and was shown around the village by the guide appointed for such purposes. The brethren found it necessary to have an official guide, as so many people came to visit Bethlehem, that it took up entirely too much time for the pastor or his assistants, and so a special position was created, and a brother appointed to fill it.

Count Pulaski was charmed with all that he saw and heard in Bethlehem and when again unruly troops threatened the seclusion and peace of the poor sisters, he, too, detailed a guard for its doors, and one night stood guard himself.

The sisters were so grateful to him that they desired to express their appreciation in a substantial way. Sister von Gersdorf suggested the making of a banner for the gallant Pole, and placed the matter in the hands of Sister Rebecca Langly.

Becky, as she was called, was an expert needlewoman, who had introduced the making of fine embroideries into the Sisters' House, and she designed the banner. Six young women, one of whom was her sister Erdmuth, assisted her, and

when completed it was a thing of beauty. Not large, it was designed to be carried on a lance. Made of scarlet silk with a green fringe, it had a very elaborate design upon it embroidered in yellow.

I regret to say, there is no record of a presentation such as there was of the gift of General Gates, and so the beautiful poem written by Longfellow, is only exquisite fancy. But the lines,

> "The warrior took the banner proud
> And it was his martial cloak and shroud."

were partly true, as Pulaski fell at the battle of Savannah while carrying it.

Wounded unto death, he was carried aboard a vessel in the harbor. His first lieutenant caught the banner as it fell, and through him it was sent to Baltimore ,where it was finally presented to the Maryland Historical Society in whose care it now is. The brilliant crimson is darkened by time to a reddish brown, the yellows are dulled, but the exquisite stichery is still there, put in by the skilled fingers long since crumbled to dust.

The banner was carried in the procession which welcomed Lafayette to Baltimore in 1824. Perhaps the sight of the banner recalled the sweet Moravian sisters to Lafayette, for once more he came to Bethlehem. His faithful little nurse lay in the old graveyard, her ministry over; but he

chatted with her step-mother then living in the Gemein House.

The Langly sisters were from Northampton, England, and were of good family, education and breeding. Reverses of fortune had sent their father to the West Indies where he tried to recuperate his losses. His daughters came to Bethlehem, and joined the sisterhood. The health of the father broke down, he came to his daughters in Bethlehem and they nursed him tenderly until his death in 1778.

Becky must have been a woman of a notable personality, for we find frequent mention of her in the old records. The old scribes were not much concerned with anything but spiritual experience, so that when a sister is constantly spoken of, it is quite certain she was a woman remarkable for strength or sweetness of character and accomplishments, and unconsciously the diarists came under her influence and involuntarily gave her just due.

Susel von Gersdorf and Anna von Marshall were women of this type, both of whom became deaconess in turn. It is tantalizing to know so much of part of their lives and so little of their every-day lives.

It is quite a surprise to discover so many aristocratic names on the registers of those old houses.

Refined, cultured women of many accomplish-

ments which would have decorated court circles, braved the voyage across the ocean and the hardships of pioneer life. Undoubtedly their influence was of a very great importance in the town, and one of the results of the presence of educated women and men,—for there were many university men among the brethren—was that cultivation of fine music for which the Moravians have always been noted.

Artists there were, too, of no mean skill, historians of note, and poets. Penmanship was practiced to perfection. Exquisite, ornamental lettering was done, with only a quill pen and colored inks, work so ornate that a day would not suffice to complete a title page.

And these things were done not only in Bethlehem, but in all of the Moravian villages, Nazareth, Lititz, and Salem, North Carolina.

When the Continental hospital was established in the House of Single Brethren at Lititz, Sister Becky Langly went over to help nurse the sick and wounded.

Travel in those days was by horseback, or coach, and probably the sister took the stage coach from Bethlehem to Philadelphia. Resting in that city over night, she went out the next day over the old Lancaster turnpike, and reached Lititz via Lancaster.

Going direct to the Sisters' House fronting the square, Becky was warmly greeted by Sister

Polly Penry, formerly an inmate of the Bethlehem Sisters' House.

The two friends were happy to be together again and many were the confidences I am sure before the early bed-time came.

The Brethren's and Sisters' Houses in Lititz, and the Gemeinhaus (now the parsonage) front on a large square which lies to the south of the street. These splendid stone buildings were put up by Claus Coelln, the master-carpenter who lived to a good old age, and always contemplated his work with great pride and justly so.

The Sisters' House and the Brethren's House have the width of the square between them, with the House of God in the center; a colonial church with its ancient belfry pointing up to the stars.

Here was the scene of Becky's new labors. What a relief it was to the faithful nurses to run out into the green square for a little fresh air! Surgeons and nurses worked in the most devoted manner. When the hospital was removed and the doctors left town, one of them, Dr. Brown, wrote to Becky as follows

"Yellow Springs, August 25, 1778.

"I congratulate you and all the members of your peaceful society on the prospect we now have of the termination of war and bloodshed in this country, and that we shall soon be restored again to that tranquility and domestic paradise which were enjoyed in this country in its infancy

before it had become considerable and wealthy enough to attract the attention, or excite the avarice or ambition of tyrannical princes and oppressive luxurious and corrupted ministers of state."

and also to Polly Penry he wrote from the same place:

"I give you joy of having your place restored again to its primitive quietness by the removal of so heterogeneous and disorderly set of guests as our soldiery are to the people of your Society and I hope you will never be disturbed in like manner again."

These letters have been preserved and are now in the archives at Lititz.

Sister Langly returned to her home in Bethlehem, and again assumed the direction of the fine needlework which had grown to be a big business many orders coming in from other places.

Sister Susel von Gersdorf as deaconess was very much beloved, even the diarist writes always of her in a most affectionate manner.

Her service in Bethlehem was through the Revolution and for some time afterward at a period when men famous the world over visited the little town, and she was called upon to show the Sisters' House to callers.

One of these travelers was the Marquis de Chastellux, who had entered the American army under Rochambeau. This gentleman published

a book on his travels and in it writes at length of the Moravians, referring especially to "Madam von Gersdorf, a woman of family who did not presume upon her high birth," and further, that "she looked rather surprised at the offer of his hand upon descending the stairs!"

The Brethren allowed no social intercourse between the sexes, even in church they were not permitted to sit together, so the little politeness from the Frenchman was like an echo from the past.

In April of 1784, the corner stone of the Single Sisters' House at Nazareth was laid on Easter Monday; and on December 13th, only seven months later, the completed building was dedicated and occupied.

To one who views the massive stone walls, the solidity of the structure, it seems impossible that it was finished in seven short months. But such was their energy in those days.

On November 9th, Sister Susel moved to Nazareth to assume the duties of deaconess and had the happiness of joining in the dedication. Many guests from Bethlehem arrived for the occasion, including twenty-two of the Single Sisters. They came by wagon, and a cold drive it must have been at that time of the year.

At the appointed hour, the sisters, arrayed in brown dresses, proceeded in pairs from their old to their new abode, led by the trombone choir

sounding the chorales of consecration.

A love feast was celebrated and the Psalm of Dedication was sung with orchestral accompaniment.

After an early evening service in the chapel, the holy communion was celebrated, at which Susel assisted.

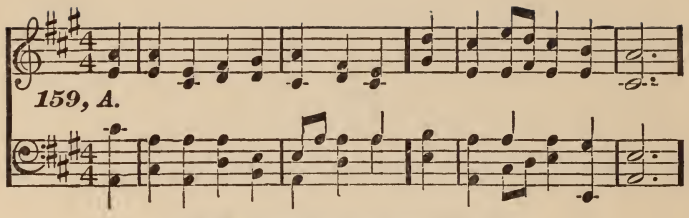
At nine o'clock in the evening the sisters all assembled in the dormitory, when Brother Johannes de Watteville, delivered an impressive address. After he retired, a group of Bethlehem sisters led by Anna von Marschall with her guitar, serenaded them at the door of the dormitory.

So ended a happy day for all and a day of complete accomplishment for Susel. Three years more did she remain there, and then, on June 4, 1784, returned to her native country, accompanied by Bishop and Sister de Watteville, who had completed three years of service in America.

Tune 79.

Attend me, Lord, in all my ways;
Open my lips to sing Thy praise,
  For blessings freely given;
In all my journeys here below
Let Thy kind presence with me go;
And grant me once to rest in heaven.

IV

Introducing the Nineteenth Century

'Tis the most blest and needful part
To have in Christ a share,

IV

Introducing the Nineteenth Century

SISTER VON GERSDORF returned to Europe at a time when new ideas were sprouting in Bethlehem. It was impossible for any community to pass unscathed through such an upheaval as the American Revolution. The influx of visitors to the little settlement, statesmen, and soldiers of all nations, alone would leave its impress upon the manners and customs of the people. Add to this the freedom of thought and liberty of speech which were the direct result of the war, and you have a nice little problem in psychology for a set of people who had planned to live according to their light "shut in from all the world without."

Young folks have a habit of growing up and forming their own opinions. Old folks are always amazed when this takes place, and frequently oppose it. This is what happened at Bethlehem, gave the Church fathers something to think about and caused much concern. Also, the European War re-acted on the colonies and hard times and high prices came again.

The sisters prayed constantly for the restoration of peace to the world, but also prayed for

resignation to the Divine Will, "Whichever party gained the day, being well-assured that nothing can befall us, except He permits, and He has undoubted wise ends with everything that He permits, though we are too short-sighted to penetrate them."

These sentiments are part of a letter written at that time to the "Home folks" in Europe. Despite the many occupations and industries of our forefathers, they found much time to give to letter-writing, describing the new world and new life in detail, and keeping in comparatively close touch with the old world and old life through the letters which they received in reply.

The value which was placed upon correspondence a hundred years ago was evidenced by the way it was treasured, and the packets of yellowing letters tied with faded ribbons are of inestimable value to students of a by-gone day.

The mantle of Susel von Gersdorf fell upon capable shoulders, those of Elizabeth Lewis who had been deaconess of the Single Sisters at Fulneck on the Yorkshire Moors and at Dublin, Ireland.

Associated with her, as warden, was Anna von Marschall, one of the daughters of Baron Frederick von Marschall, who brought his family to this country and became one of the most distinguished administrators of the Church in Salem, North Carolina. Two of his daughters

Sister Owen Rice; born Schropp

came to Bethlehem to live, the elder one, Maria Theresa, became the bride of Hans Christian von Schweinitz, Administrator in Bethlehem; and Anna, the second one, became the well-known warden of the Single Sisters.

These girls were born in London and came to this country in 1761 with their parents, on the "Hope" one of the Moravian vessels for the transportation of their members,—Captain Jacobson was in charge.

There was far more comfort and cleanliness on these vessels of the Congregation than on ordinary commercial boats, and a great deal of friendliness, for as everybody was coming to the colonies for the same purpose and all were Moravians, even the sailors, there was a strong bond formed at once. Services were held on deck, the congregation seated on benches, and love feasts conducted, just as on shore, and a regular system of living was maintained. These companies were known as "sea congregations."

The brethren slung their hammocks on the lower deck for sleeping quarters and the sisters were given the staterooms.

The von Marschall girls probably shared their mother's stateroom and as everybody carried many personal belongings and conveniences in those days, they probably made their temporary home very attractive for those long weeks on the ocean.

When Maria Theresa, the elder daughter was twenty years of age she married Hans Christian von Schweinitz, the first of that family to come to America, living in Bethlehem; and after five years the poor little wife was carried up the hill to the graveyard. Her parents and sister, Anna, left for Europe the same year, and remained four years. Upon their return Anna became the warden of the Single Sisters in Bethlehem, and served with great ability as might have been expected of the daughter of her father. She had a very sweet voice, played beautifully on the guitar and was a most accomplished musician. Her talents were in great demand, and added greatly to the pleasures of that day. For many years she administered the affairs of the sisterhood; and then, one day, she laid down her burden and went to join her sister in their eternal home.

When the von Marschalls returned they brought with them Anna Dorothea, Baroness von Watteville, who came to be the bride of their widowed son-in-law. Dorothea was the oldest daughter of Benigna von Zinzendorf and Baron Johannes von Watteville, and the oldest grandchild of Count Zinzendorf. She was fourteen years younger than von Schweinitz, handsome, and life offered many charming inducements in the aristocratic old world; and yet she accepted the offer of marriage made by a man whom she had never seen, crossed the ocean amidst the dan-

gers of war, became his wife, settled down in the half-wild environment at Bethlehem, and lived happily ever after. All of which goes to show that she was a very remarkable woman.

Sister Dorothea, however, very wisely brought with her some of the luxuries of the old life, in the shape of silver and fine linens, articles which were highly valued family pieces. In particular, there was an adorable silver tea pot, which had belonged to her mother, the Countess Benigna, and was cherished for that reason.

Her descendants cherish it for the same reason. The ancient little tea pot, after crossing the ocean several times, has settled down just across the street from its first home in the Gemein Haus in the possession of the fourth generation, the head of which claims that the magic of the brew is potent as of old.

One of the most charming disclosures of Moravian life of this time is given in the correspondence of Sister Mary Penry, familiarly known as "Polly."

She was a Welsh woman by birth, and came to this country in very early youth and settled in Philadelphia with her aunt. While there she met Brother Valentine Haidt from Bethlehem and was very much influenced by his exposition of Moravian doctrines and description of the sweet sisterhood in Bethlehem. She accompanied him to Bethlehem in 1756, joined the

church, and was an inmate of the Sisters' House there until 1762 when she was removed to Lititz and entered the Sisters' House there, under Sister Tippett, the Deaconess. It is recorded that "here, secure in God's love and the affection of her Choir and Congregation she served on the staff of her Pflegerin faithfully to the close of her life as the Schreiber (diarist, copyist and secretary). She was also the visitor's guide making in that capacity many friends." Sister Peggy Krieger was the steward of the house and as such the overseer of Polly's work. Polly calls her "friend and sister" also.

Her personal appearance is described by herself in one of her letters to her relatives in Wales. She says—"When I was young I had a delicate skin and very fine hair. This I can *now* say without vanity. And even to this day my relations in Philadelphia often wish they had my hair. I am rather under the common size in stature, and ever since I was forty years of age am grown fat and have lost my gentility."

("So slenderness was envied *then,* too!")

"I have most excellent eyes for use—but not for beauty—dark grey—am near-sighted yet not so much as to hold my work close to my nose. I am always taken to be younger than I really am; as I am plump the wrinkles are not so visible as they would be were I lean and haggard."

In another letter she writes of their garden:

"April 29, 1814.

"We have great quantities of peaches—good apples and cherries—pears not so plenty—apricotts, fine plumbs and collyflowers grow *not* in common gardens, currants, raspberries and strawberries plenty—gooseberries not very plenty, cranberries grow wild. We have fine water and musk melons, where the soil is sandy. Vegetables of all kinds we have in our gardens. Hazlenuts which grow on shrubs we have enough—but I never saw any Filberts—black walnuts are plenty, white, or the so-called English walnut is scarce."

Again she discusses the war prices of the necessaries of life and while the letter was dated 1797 it might just as well have been 1918, for it has a most familiar sound.

"Such quantities of flour is exported, that wheat bears the price of three crowns sterling. Beef from four to six pence a pound with us—in the city at least three times as much; when I was in Philadelphia last fall butter was frequently sold at the rate of 2/6 the pound, and veal three dollars the loin, and fire wood at the enormous price of twelve dollars at the wharf, besides one dollar trailing to the dwelling and one dollar cutting and piling in the cellar."

And of servants wages: "For my part I wonder how people can live in such cities, for maids'

wages is six shillings the week, and every fashionable extravagance has found its way into our cities, that is common in Europe. Yet it is none of my business how they come on—I am thankful for my blessed asylum."

She writes "your old niece works tambour and embroidery, and as yet never used spectacles."

Those wiseacres who tell us our seasons are changing that the weather is not what it used to be, etc., should read one of Sister Polly's letters in which she says:

"Monday, April 15th.

"The climate in Pennsylvania is variable, we have frequently in one week—nay in one day—such sudden changes from heat to cold happens—that you would imagnie you went from Greenland to the West Indies—or from thence to Greenland, these changes often cause colds, fevers and many disorders, especially if a person is not careful of changing their warm clothing for cool, the best way is, suit your dress just to the season of the week or day."

Evidently Sister Polly was very susceptible to our climatic changes, for her last illness was bronchitis; she died in May of 1804 and sleeps her last sleep right by the main path in the graveyard at Lititz, under the great trees that guard the slumbers of maid and matron, boy and man, who, collectively, built up the village of Lititz.

There was constant communication between

the Moravian settlements. Lititz and Bethlehem are seventy-five miles apart as the crow flies, and much farther by the highways of that day; but by stage coach, wagon and horse back there was frequent travel to and fro.

Pastors resident in one village would have their children at one of the boarding schools in another. This was the case with Brother and Sister Abraham Reinke, stationed at Lititz and Lancaster. Their little daughter Joanna was a pupil at the girls' school in Bethlehem, established by the Countess Benigna von Zinzendorf in Germantown, later moved to the Bell House adjoining the Sisters' House and known as the Girls' Boarding School for many years.

There was a beautiful flower garden in the rear, containing a summer house, and here one June day, Joanna Reinke and a friend were grieving over the death of their canary.

They had placed the tiny bird in a box, dug a grave, and had the little coffin resting over it, when they spied Bishop Loskiel coming up the hill. Eagerly they ran towards him, not a bit awed by the dignity of his episcopacy; they were only two little girls sure of a welcome from the pastor they loved. And, slipping their hands into his, they told him "He had come just in time to conduct the funeral of their pet bird!"

The good bishop went along, and standing by the diminutive grave, with an arm around each

child, he lifted up his face to the blue sky and offered up a prayer; not, as the little ones thought, for their dead bird, but for the preservation of the beautiful innocence of their childhood.

Many years later, when Joanna was married and living in Lititz, she loved to recall this incident, with its depth of meaning, and told the story to her own children, one of whom, now an octogenarian, told it to me. And the prayer of good Bishop Loskiel was certainly granted; for Sister Joanna Beck was honored through a long life for her beautiful character.

Honored beyond measure has been her famous son; and the same simplicity which placed the hand of the little Joanna so trustfully in the hand that wore the bishop's seal, dwells in the heart of the schoolmaster of Lititz.

Sister Mary Tippet was a well loved Deaconess of the Sisters in Lititz. She was born in Carroll's Manor, Md., and her father took her in his arms and promised her to the Saviour as His everlasting property, to which dedication of the new little daughter, the mother agreed.

The family became acquainted with the Moravian Brethren as they stopped on their way to and from North Carolina and visited at a neighbor's house. At this house they heard Brother Spangenberg preach, and also Brother Powell, and later, when Brother and Sister Seidel visited

there Mary spoke of her earnest wish to enter the Sisters' House at Lititz.

They advised her first to visit Lititz, and get an idea of the church life. This she did; but she was not allowed to stay in the Sisters' House, and a place was found for her in one of the families. Later she received permission to enter the congregation, and the choir house where she was placed in charge of the older girls.

One promotion followed another until the position of Deaconess came to her, a position which she faithfully lived up to for her lifetime.

She was a tall, thin woman of a quick and decided manner, and an able administrator. As such, she attracted the attention of the authorities at Bethlehem, and in 1798 she received a call to act as Deaconess in the Sisters' House in Bethlehem, which she accepted.

Sister Tippet remained there for eleven years, but in 1809 returned to Lititz to round out a long life in the old place. She was a born teacher saying "the training of young people was always, notwithstanding its difficulties, a pleasure to me," which speech was prophetic of the opinion of the long line of Moravian women who have followed her as teachers.

Sister Tippet found Bethlehem a larger community than her beloved Lititz.

It was still an exclusive settlement, but, owing to the spirit of the times the thought of the place

was changed. Levering says that with the departure of the Eighteenth Century "the old heroic life was gone forever."

It was. But an idyllic life took its place. The quiet and retirement of the village produced a peace and harmony that were charming. The fidelity with which the people cherished their high ideals, their great love of music, and its constant use, the appreciation of art and the high educational value of their schools, gave an atmosphere quite unapproachable by anything this side of the Golden Age. Like the ancients, they too cultivated the soil even to the planting of vineyards, the harvest time was one of rejoicing: they brought their music to the fields to praise the bounty of the Lord, and then later held a harvest festival in front of the Bell House with the musicians standing on the balcony and leading in song.

The village that fifty years before was only a cluster of houses in a clearing of the forest, now lay spread out upon its hill in the midst of fine farms and blooming orchards. The stately stone houses on Church Street, which for so long constituted the entire settlement, fronted the south and looked over the river to the mountains beyond. New houses had now been built. Main Street branched off from Church Street at the old Platz, or square in front of the Brethren's House. Along Main Street were the various in-

The Grosser Saal or Sisters' Chapel (second floor)

dustries, many in the Brethrens' House itself, others in little log houses of their own.

The pharmacy which acquired such fame during the Revolution, was (and is) next to the new church, with Dr. Otto in charge. The old stone "Family House" where the little children lived stood next to it. A few more low, high gabled houses of drab or gray plaster, and then came an open market shed, but under roof, such as are still found in some places in the South. This shed was on a road now called Market Street in honor of the old market; then it was called Cow Lane because the cows were driven out that way to their pasture; a few houses had been built up that way. At the corner of Main Street and Cow Lane was a gray plaster house with a high stoop, with a few neighboring houses of the same type and beyond was the tavern, "Ye Olde Sun Inn," at which the stage coach from Philadelphia drove up every afternoon in great state, with old John Feuerabend, the driver, on the box, beaming with friendliness and shouting Pennsylvania Dutch greetings to his friends.

The arrival of the coach was the event of the day, then, and for years later. A passenger who came in on one of the last trips it made was much impressed by the number of *"pretty* Moravian Sisters" she saw standing at their windows or on their porches, to watch the arrival of the coach. One in particular, whom she afterward found to

be Elizabeth, daughter of John Schropp, she thought was a very beautiful girl. This young sister was very lovely, and in another community would have been a reigning belle, but such things were not permitted in Bethlehem.

Directly across from the Brethrens' House at the other end of Main Street on the west side of the Platz or square, was a log cabin that housed the spinning wheel industry, and many wheels were turned out. Just beyond, was the old pottery where tile stoves, amongst other things, were made. The blacksmith shop and the hattery followed in line, up to the first house which stood until 1823, when it was torn down. Back of the first house, down by the creek, was the old grist mill. In fact this old hillside, at the foot of which David Nitschman had found the never-failing spring, was the manufacturing part of Bethlehem. The first water works in the country was erected at its base, and near by was the old tannery which did a most lucrative business.

Spanning the Monocacy right by the tannery was an old log bridge, and the "Ohio Road" led across it, and up the hill, by the butcher shop and fulling mill, and the little old Indian house, straight into the West.

That road over which so many people travelled to fame, or failure, or even death,—that road for which the inspired David Zeisberger must have

blazed the trail, axe across his shoulder and prayer upon his lips.

The high roads to Nazareth and Easton lay to the northeast of Bethlehem branching off at an angle from the cleared lands into the woods, whose shade was so dense that snow often lay in the shadows in May time. When George Washington and his escort rode away from Bethlehem in the early morning of that July day in 1778, it was over this road he travelled to Easton with Bishop Ettwein as his guide.

The passengers on the coach approaching the place as they did, from the south, over the mountain pass, must have been charmed with the view of the little village surrounded by its orchards and farms, and nestled in the verdure of the encircling forest. Lying on high ground, with the clear, pure river in the valley, the place dominated the entire landscape.

The belfry of the church etched sharply against the sky, caught the first rays of the morning sun, and the last rays of the evening sun holding the afterglow on its white pillars as long as there was color in the sky.

And to the inquisitive traveller who later left the roaring fire in the great hearth of the tavern and walked abroad in the darkness, it seemed that night itself could not obscure the dominance of that gray and ghostly steeple.

The building of this church was the great ef-

fort of the Brethren in the first years of the Nineteenth Century. Planned for in 1802, the real work of excavation was begun in 1803 by men and boys. Their labor was gratuitous, and they completed the huge undertaking in two weeks! Not to be behind the men in service, the sisters furnished the morning "piece" and afternoon "vesper" to the workers and in this way did their bit for the undertaking.

In 1806 the finished building was consecrated and immediately became famous as the largest building in the state, and for having the finest music in the country.

Soon after the consecration, there retired to Bethlehem to live, one of the most distinguished missionary couples of the time. Brother and Sister Heckewelder. For nearly a quarter of a century John Heckewelder was the most prominent resident of Bethlehem; his literary work had given him high rank among the historians of the day, and many distinguished men called upon him in his retirement.

The Heckewelders had been married in the chapel of their Indian missionary station in Ohio, and Sister Heckewelder had the honor of being the first white bride in the State of Ohio, this being the first ceremony. The daughter, as well as the wife of a missionary, she was a most energetic helpmate, and for thirty years stood by his side, staunch and true. Then her health failed

and they were compelled to retire, coming to Bethlehem.

Brother Heckewelder bought his own home, the low plaster house on Cedar Street, and for five years more his wife was spared to him.

Sister Heckewelder was a great lover of flowers and had a beautiful garden back of their house, with all sorts of old fashioned posies growing in it, and many of the lovely, native wild flowers. A succeeding tenant of the house found a large patch of May apples growing under an ancient apple tree; and up in the eastern corner of the garden the stately arum grew in the sunshine; both of these were said to be survivals of the Heckewelder garden.

There were very fine English strawberries, white raspberries and gooseberries, with red, white and black currants; quite a variety of choice fruits.

There was a beautiful white rose of the climbing variety, which covered nearly the whole of the rear of the house; in the borders were many fragrant blooming plants, tuber rose and mignonette; the strawberry shrub was a delight in the spring when the dainty bluebells carpeted the ground.

In the midst of all this floral display there stood a summer house, where husband and wife loved to sit, he with his pipe, and she with her knitting; and here their friends would often

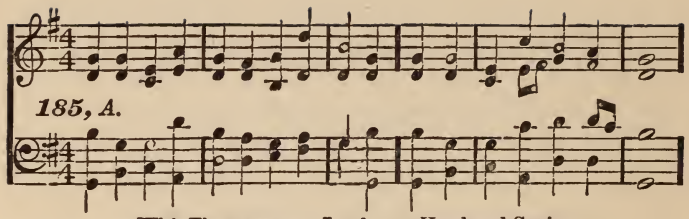
join them to listen to their reminiscences. "Daddy" Heckewelder told a good story, and in lighter mood loved to spin yarns about his western life, his "brown brethren" and the primitive Moravian days; and in quiet moments, to tell, in hushed tones of the dreadful massacre.

One who shared this awful memory with the Heckewelders was Susanna Zeisberger, widow of the intrepid David Zeisberger, who after the death of her husband at Goshen, Ohio, in 1808, had come to Bethlehem to end her days in the Widows' House.

Here, in this idyllic arbor set in the midst of flowers and fruits, with the singing of birds and the laughter of school children around them, these three sturdy pioneers spent the evening of their days talking tranquilly of the thrilling life among the Indians, and of him who lay under the sod at Goshen.

V

Birthdays



With Thy presence, Lord, our Head and Saviour,
Bless us all, we humbly pray;

V

Birthdays

IT was, and still is a favorite custom among the Moravians to observe the anniversaries of birthdays. In the old days a birthday was an event planned for many weeks in advance, and in later years, when the town had outgrown its likeness to a big family, the anniversary was never forgotten because of the custom of reading the birthday book at the breakfast table, when the daily text was read. This book was in almost every family, and contained the names of all relatives and friends, and the year of their birth, and it brought many a greeting that otherwise might have been overlooked, to the "Birthday Child," as he or she was always called, no matter what the age.

The daily text book which is read aloud at the breakfast table every morning by the head of the family, is a selection of Scriptural texts and hymns as a guide for the day. Immediately after reading this, the birthday book was opened at that date, and the names of those who celebrated their natal day upon that date, read aloud.

These books, going from father to son as they did, form a valuable genealogical record. They

were about seven by nine printed in German type on handmade paper, and well bound. A book marker, to keep the date, cross-stitched on cardboard by one of the children of the family, or daintly hand painted by more expert fingers was always in the book.

When the name of a dear friend was read, and the family were musical, with good voices, the Bahnson family for instance, the birthday hymn would be sung for him or her, right at the family table, although the birthday child might be miles away. Not only was the effect very sweet, at the time—it certainly was lovely for the celebrant to know that friends were giving their first thought of the day to her, and calling down a blessing upon her head in choral unison.

Beginning with the actual birth of a little child, and going on through their infancy, childhood, youth and up to a revered old age, the day was never forgotten. The talent for versification stood them in good stead on these occasions, and original verses tender or humorous gave a personal touch to many of the small gifts.

The following verses were received by a proud father upon the birth of his first child, and were written by his dearest friend, who was as happy at the coming of the baby as were the parents:

To Annie Wilbur Lehman

Another little wave
  Upon the sea of Life;
Another soul to save
  Amid its toil and strife.

Two more little feet
  To walk the dusty road
To choose where two paths meet
  The narrow, or the broad.

Two more little hands
  To work for good or ill;
Two more little eyes
  Another little will.

Another heart to love
  Receiving love again;
And so the baby came,
  A thing of joy and pain.

A. S. S.

A birthday celebration was a big event in the annals of this quiet neighborhood.

The "birthday child" was awakened by the singing of a birthday hymn outside the door of her sleeping room. A small table was spread with a white cloth and on this were arranged a vase of flowers and the simple gifts. The gifts were frequently beautifully inscribed texts of Scripture done by the sisters so exquisitely that they could easily be ranked with the illumina-

tions of the middle ages, and the verse surrounded with sprays of flowers, or a floral wreath; book markers were also painted or cross-stitched and other very ordinary but useful things given. Children would copy hymns for their parents or draw and embroider as best they could some trifle that would serve to carry their assertions of love and congratulations to their parent and to show their progress in the arts.

In the afternoon there was some form of social gathering. Private love feasts were the first of these, and they were for many years the most popular way of celebrating the day, even the schools making use of them. Then the vesper crept in, but the birthday hymn was always sung, so the touch of spiritual fervor was still there. The birthday cake with its lighted candles was never forgotten.

Even the schools observed the birthday of the different pupils, each room company singing the hymn for the "child" and in the boarding schools, love feasts were given.

When one of the ministers celebrated his birthday, the pupils of the schools would go to offer their congratulations, sing and "speak a dialogue" written for the occasion.

In summer birthdays were frequently celebrated upon the old island, up the river, that delightful retreat whose magnificent trees no longer are mirrored in the lovely waters, but help to

make solid the road bed of an adjacent railroad. And the island itself is dug up by a steam shovel to fill in ground for the railroads.

Think of the charm of a gathering in a sylvan retreat like Calypso Island was before the railroads came, the mountains, the river, the islands as clean and fragrant with bloom as on the day of creation. The Indian canoe, swift and graceful, alone broke the quiet of the water.

For many years the canoe was the only way of reaching the islands and certain of the men became expert in the use of the paddle, and transported the people to the island on gala days, of which the birthday was the leading one.

A love feast always preceded the celebration itself, the coffee for which was made on the spot in big kettles over a camp fire. A crystal clear spring furnished an endless supply of water, the river supplied good fish to be broiled over the fire, and finally the party sat down to rustic tables in the green shade of the spreading trees, to a feast of good things in a picnic grove of ideal surroundings.

In winter perforce the home was the meeting place but the same loving friends brought their greetings and sang their hymns.

On the morning of the twenty-second of February, 1789, the pupils of the girls' school sang, at breakfast, a birthday verse for President Washington.

"The President thou hast ordained
Support by thine almighty hand:
To all his undertakings give success;
The land o'er which he rules protect and bless."

Each of the little girls had a great friend among the sisters in the Sisters' House whom they called *mamma,* and on that twenty-second of February, they went to drink coffee, at vesper with "their mammas." In the evening they "spoke" dialogues and so the President's birthday was honored in Bethlehem.

Sister Polly Penry, in the Sisters' House at Lititz, celebrated not only her own birthday, but those of her Welsh uncles and cousins, and wrote to them describing the event, saying "on your birthday I had some of my intimates to a dish of coffee and tea, and beloved Sister Mary Tippet, who is our spiritual directress was, you may depend, the head of the company. We spoke much about you, and wished you many blessings to your natal day, and she wishes and prays, that you may increase in the knowledge and love of *Him*—as well as the knowledge of your *own* utter inability to think even a good thought, without His assistance."

This letter also carried a gift; her initials, beautifully entwined, written by one of the sisters, an intimate friend.

On another occasion, this time her own birth-

day, she has her friends in for a dish of tea at vesper and letters from Wales have just arrived for her. So after the singing of the birthday hymn, and prayer, the letters were enjoyed by all, as the Welsh family had come to be known intimately by name, in the little coterie, and before breaking up, the party offered prayers for the well-being of those people across the seas. The sisters also discussed the food prices which had become so exorbitant on account of the European War, and of wheat, in particular, which had gone up to two crowns on account of depredations upon the merchant marine on the high seas! They discussed various clergymen in Philadelphia, where Polly visited a cousin, and where she had been taken to a church for the "blacks," it is called the "African Church," and over the gates is engraved "The people that sat in darkness, have seen a great light." Great interest was also displayed in the government and the admirable presidency of George Washington, for whose political future however, they had fears. In short, these quiet, simple women, could have passed a first class examination in current events, and doubtless first aid, too, of the common sense variety in use at that time, before germs were ever discovered.

These pleasant gatherings took place in Sister Polly's own room in the Sisters' House, now the Senior room of Linden Hall Seminary, for the

Lititz congregation has given up its Sisters' House and the School has taken it over continuing the work of educating young ladies in the higher things of life.

The sister who made the initials for Polly to send home, was Anna Rosina Khist, a teacher in the girls' school at Bethlehem, and the one who was so gifted in the writing of verses and hymns for all occasions.

In the Sisters' House at Bethlehem, there lived at this time, twin sisters, Anna and Mary Werner, whose life together was rather wonderful. Born of humble and poor parents, they were quite uneducated, but trained to work. At an early age these girls found a home in the Sisters' House, where, as they were industrious, they were employed in washing and similar work. They were very religious girls, and their amiable and cheerful dispositions secured for them the respect and friendship of their associates. Their great attachment for each other was their strongest characteristic. They toiled side by side and rested together. Even in sickness they were not separated, for such was the strong sympathy between them that if one became ill, the other soon contracted the complaint. Therefore a proposal of marriage which came to Anna from a young mechanic was a great shock to them. Anna gave it careful consideration, but Mary's great dependency upon her won the day, she returned a

negative to the young man, and the loving pair pledged themselves never to separate in life. This was when they were twenty years of age.

The peaceful, busy years sped on, until their fiftieth birthday or "jubilee" approached. They planned for an anniversary love feast for the entire sisterhood to celebrate the great day, which came in the month of Roses. The entire sisterhood was filled with excitement, for you may be sure that the twin sisters were not the only ones planning something for the great day. Even the routine of the day before had to be changed a bit to allow of preparations, and Anna and Mary were hurried off to give the loving conspirators time to carry out their plans.

And very early in the morning a number of them, quietly slipped out of bed dressed, and went down stairs, and by and by sweet music stole into the dormitories, accompanied by guitar, clarionet and violin. It was the birthday serenade, and the hymn, written especially for the twin sisters has been preserved.

Tune 168A.

"Unto Thee, most gracious Saviour
These dear Sisters we commend!
Look on them in grace and favor,
To their prayers and wants attend;
Grant them both a tender feeling,
Of Thy love and gracious dealing,
That their hearts may truly be
Filled with fervent love to Thee.

"This alone can keep them steady
In their simple path of grace,
And when anything seems ready
To disturb their happiness,
Lord, in mercy them deliver,
Keep their feeble souls forever,
From the world and sin secure,
And in soul and body pure!"

The happy sisters awakened by this concord of sweet sounds, arose, embraced, and clothed themselves for the day in festival garments of purest white, and joined the others, who greeted them with smiling congratulations.

They were then conducted to their room, where their birthday table, arranged the night before, awaited their coming.

"It was covered with a snow white cloth, around which were carefully and tastefully pinned one hundred pink roses, emblematical of their united ages, and of their maidenhood, pink being the color worn by the single sisters. Besides these, some white ones were scattered upon the top, in allusion to the years they were perhaps yet to live. On the table various presents were fancifully laid, some of which were in envelopes bearing the names of the different donors, each containing some kind lines expressing congratulations, friendly wishes, a text of Scripture, or perhaps a stanza of a Moravian hymn. Then pleased and delighted as childhood's happiest mo-

ments were our twins as they examined the various birthday offerings bestowed by their associates. Some of the benefactions were money, as the sisters were so poor, while others were ribbons, muslins, etc.

And now these artless maidens held their first and only levee. It was attended by the inhabitants of the place generally, and the occasion proved a truly festive one. The whole day was one continuous scene of unalloyed happiness to the participants.

The love feast was held in the evening and only for the sisterhood with the exception of the wife of the officiating minister, and here an agreeable surprise awaited the pair. In the middle of the hall were placed two chairs for them. Immediately before them, mounted on a pedestal, was a pyramid of paper in a wooden frame, illuminated with one hundred lighted wax candles—while here and there might be seen one not lit —the former significant of their united ages, and the latter to denote the possible years of their future. In the centre of the pyramid their names were fancifully written, surrounded and united by a garland of beautiful flowers. Underneath this was some appropriate device, and a suitable text of Scripture.

As the twins entered to take their seats, they were met by several of the sisters, who escorted them thither. Meanwhile the music of all the

congregated sisterhood mingling with the sounds of different instruments greeted their coming.

The love feast followed, after which the festivities of the day soon closed. But the remembrance of this birthday celebration remained fresh in the minds of the twin single sisters as long as they lived."

This account, was given to an ancient chronicler by one of the participants.

The sisters lived for some years, but in 1812 the Angel of Death took one away, Anna, the stronger of the two. Realizing her end was near, she called upon one of the sisterhood to care for Mary after she had gone. This trust was faithfully fulfilled, but Mary's health declined, although slowly. For ten years more she was here, and then in 1822, they laid her to rest in the same grave with her sister.

Their "jubilee celebration" was a typical birthday of that time. Later the celebration lost their religious feeling, but the texts and loving little hymns were in constant use for many years.

The idea of using fifty roses for the fifty years was used in many ways. One form was the "jubilee wreath" of roses, painted in water color on satin or paper enclosing the Scriptural verse; exactly fifty roses, filled out with for-get-me-nots and green leaves to form a symmetrical wreath, the largest roses at the bottom, and tapering to tiny ones at the top. A birthday verse was in-

scribed in the center and the names of the donors were put in ink under the beautifully lettered text.

Many less elaborate things were painted for birthday gifts. Sister Bleck and Sister Zorn did many of these things, and earlier, Sister Benzein. Their work was equisitely dainty, some of the little medallions on bookmarks, etc., being so tiny yet carefully worked, they bear the closest inspection to-day.

Charming little silk pincushions in the shape of flowers were very popular. They were flat, and painted in natural colors, front and back, sewed together with very narrow ribbon, (like baby ribbon) and stuffed with cotton. Pansies and ivy leaves made very pretty ones, moss roses were lovely, and autumn leaves were very gay.

Sometimes, small baskets were cut out of silk, and made up into the same style, of pincushion, with a slender handle plaited of different colored ribbons, and a medallion painted upon the side. Elaborate boxes were made of paper and silk and miniature landscapes were painted upon them, with the greatest of care and patience. Mirrors were inserted into the lid of the box on the inside, making a brilliant bit of decoration.

Sister Frederica Boehler, who lived in the Sisters' House, was famous for her birthday verses. She had an easy facility in rhymning, wrote an exquisite hand, and her little verses were highly

prized. On birthdays she always made up a tiny little bouquet from her window plants, of which she had many, edging the flowers with rose geranium leaves, tying them with ribbons. This little bouquet accompanied by an original verse expressing her congratulations always went to her friends on their birthdays. Her rooms were in the Church Street front of the Sisters' House on the second floor and must have looked like a conservatory with the lovely blooms she always had. A specialty was a certain variety of a climbing white rose, which she trained around her window. When a little child died it was the custom to place a rose of this particular variety in its hand when laid out in the tiny coffin, and Sister Boehler never forgot to send one.

The country people had a saying that a plant once used for that purpose would never bloom again but Sister Boehler disproved that by her frequent use of her vine.

Sister Agnes Kluge, was an intimate friend of Sister Boehler, and loved these fragrant little greetings, pressed them, and kept the little verses with the pressed bouquets. Perhaps they brought back memories of the beautiful garden at Salem, North Carolina, which she enjoyed so much when Brother Kluge and she were living there while he was administrator.

Sister Boehler was the granddaughter of that hardy pioneer Bishop Peter Boehler, in fact his

last descendant, was highly educated, and very refined. She was small, with a round face, and "apple cheeks," and her nickname of "Fritzi" is a key to her sunny disposition. Nevertheless, she was dignified, and commanded great respect. Her friend, Sister Kluge, was a handsome woman, very fair, with dark eyes and came to this country with her cousin, Lewis David deSchweinitz. Here she married Charles Frederick Kluge, and lived with him through his services in all of the Moravian settlements, in this country, and for the years he served in the General Board at Herrnhut.

They returned to this country again, settling at Bethlehem, and finally Nazareth, and it was during these years that Sister Boehler and Sister Kluge enjoyed their poetic friendship.

A very lovely, gentle sister of this time, was Sister Jedediah Weiss of Scotch birth. Her family came to Virginia, from which state she came to Pennsylvania to teach in the Young Ladies' Seminary at Bethlehem. Here Jedediah Weiss, the "old Basso" met and married her, and they immediately took their place high in the regard of the community, and in the service of the church they dearly loved. A devoted wife and mother she lived to an honored old age, celebrating her golden wedding with her husband.

The Weiss homestead was one of the first to be built upon the old Widows' House farm, and here

they devoted themselves to the pastoral labor of raising bees, although Jedediah was a watchmaker by trade.

Their home life was an ideal one, love and affection the ruling spirit, in fact the golden rule was certainly lived in this family. Caroline Brown, a close friend, always spoke of the home as her "Bethany," referring to the old hymn

Tune 185.

Bethany, O Peaceful habitation,
Blessed mansion, loved abode;
There my Lord had oft His resting station
Converse held in friendly mood;
With that bliss which Mary highly savored;
I would wish this day still to be favored;
But Thy presence makes to me
Every place a Bethany.

Sister Weiss was ten days older than her husband, her birthday falling upon February 11th, and his on February 21st, so the birthday celebration was a united one on February 21st. This occasion took the form of an early supper or tea, for all the grown ups, and on the next day, February 22d the birthday of George Washington, there was a vesper for the many grandchildren, in honor of the three birthdays. For this vesper, "grandmother's skill" produced so many tempting cakes and dainties that the children always begged to stay and help "clear

up," so they could demolish everything that might be left over.

This was a privilege they always enjoyed after every party at Grandmother Weiss, the invitation "come and help clear up" was instantly accepted and if by chance any of the "Dutch doughnuts" still remained, they disappeared in short order.

When vespers were given for children, the birthday cake with its lighted candles occupied the center of the table, of course, but small cakes were served, also, cut in shapes of animals and birds.

Sister Augusta Christ gave a vesper for her little niece, at which she served these cakes made in various forms, and was very much amused when one of her juvenile guests remarked upon the fact that all of the different shapes were made of the same dough!

However, the appetite of this small connoisieur was not affected by this discovery.

The Christs lived next to the old Heckewelder house on Cedar Street, in a little low cottage with a high stoop. Brother and Sister Matthew Christ were the parents of Sister Augusta just mentioned, and if anyone understood the art of vesper-giving, it was Mrs. Christ. Such gatherings of good friends as met at her home, welcomed with so much hospitality, kindliness and sincerity! Never a birthday did she forget and

happy were the days of preparation. The good things that came out of the kitchen to grace the birthday table were evidences of her own culinary skill, her famous "baba" cake, and sponge cake were always produced; the flowers on the table were from her own garden; the exquisite napery brought from England was used; her Meissen China; and the general air of elegance combined with simplicity, was only a background for the lovable woman herself.

Surrounded by her friends at the festal board, there was an instant pause before the singing of the grace, and then, most heartily, they sang the birthday hymn.

Tune 185.

"With Thy presence, Lord our Head and Saviour,
Bless our Sister, now we pray
Our dear Heavenly Father's love and favor
Be her comfort every day.
"May the Holy Ghost in each proceeding
Favor her with His most gracious leading
So may she be truly blest
Both in labor and in rest."

The "brightly shining" birthday cake was the chief feature of the occasion. It was elaborately iced, lettered with a birthday greeting, and the age of the "birthday child" was heavily applied in numerals. Of course the celebrant cut her cake, herself, making of it quite a ceremony, and if a piece of elaborate icing which fell to the

share of a friend, happened to contain one of the decorations in its entirety, it was carefully treasured for many years as a keepsake.

Growing against the south wall of the house there was a brier rose which had developed great luxuries. The gay pink flowers looked in through the open window upon this gathering of people who were not only daily intimates, but spiritual friends; something much finer and sweeter than mere intimacy, and with a fragrance as of roses.

It is said that about the rather austere rooms of Sister Christ there clung a faint aroma as of flowers that have gone. Perhaps it was the impalpable distillation of the true kindliness of Christian love!

Sister Christ was a teacher of the Parochial school for nineteen years of her *married,* not single, life. She held her classes in her little home, teaching the primary girls how to sew samplers amongst other things, giving them only the alphabet in capital letters and small letters and the numerals up to ten to apply upon their canvas, and finish with the name of the small worker. Teacher and housekeeper and mother, all three in one! Her fame spread beyond the borders of the town, and "outsiders" sent their children to her to be educated and given a Moravian upbringing, a care that her busy life was not too full to accept.

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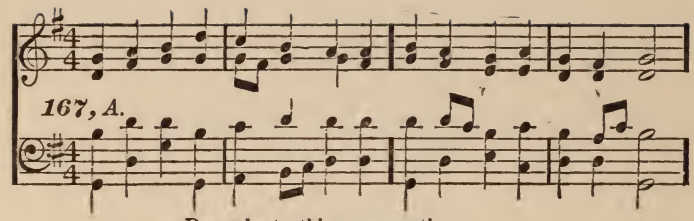
Most decidedly she was a power in the community; a figure which stands out in bold relief even against the uncommon background of that day.

VI

A Tranquil Community



Peace be to this congregation
Peace to every soul therein;

VI

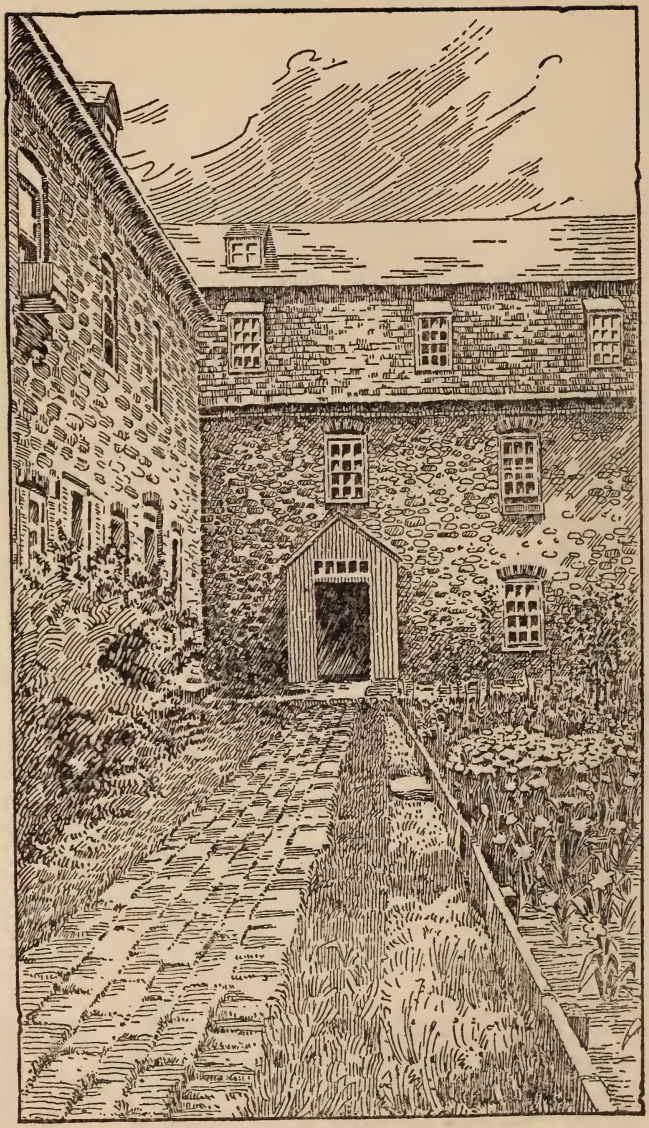
A Tranquil Community

THE orchards owned by the congregation lay on the sunny slope to the south of the choir houses, known as "the Sisters' Hill." They were the great pride and joy of their owners and were exceedingly well-kept. A fine row of black cherry trees of symmetrical growth provided dense shade besides bearing abundant fruit and a pleasant walk led under them down to the creek.

Great was the activity here when fruit-picking time came around, for this brought the only occasion when the sexes were allowed to mingle. At all other times there was a rigid separation of the sexes, for nearly a century.

The making of Schnitz; to which the fruit picking was preliminary, required the assistance of the brethren, and you may be sure they never shirked. They gathered the fruit and hauled it to the Schnitz House, the high-gabled plaster cottage to the north and east of the Sisters' House, and there it awaited the coming of the gentler sex.

Imagine the excitement in the Sisters' House all day! Not that it interfered with their own



"AROUND BY THE PFÖRTCHEN," OR HOODED DOORWAY.

daily work, for of course the Deaconess saw to that,—but you may be sure that it was only the very old and feeble sisters who did not see to it that their caps and kerchiefs were immaculate and their pink ribbons fresh! "Prinking" would have been worldly,—but cleanliness was a necessity!

When the early supper was over, they formed in procession, and went out of the heavy doors, under the locust trees now hanging full of their red berries, and up the path to the Schnitz House, the harvest moon just rising over the tree tops in the early dusk.

Seated in circles, with huge baskets of red-cheeked apples before them, they busily cut all evening long, with the caretaker of the Schnitz House dried the fruit in her ovens. The brethren handled the heavy trays and managed the fires blazing in a welcome manner in the early October evening.

The hour of ten was just as fateful to this gathering as was midnight to Cinderella at her ball, for with its stroke all work ceased, and every body went home. Of course it was against all rules for a brother to take a sister home, even if it was just across the garden, as two by two they went home, just as they came, in charge of their Deaconess.

But once in a while, the ranks mysteriously

thinned, and a sister did manage to get home via the back way, under masculine protection.

Old Christel Luch would often tell tales of this evening and chuckle with delight as he recalled the ways in which they circumvented authority. Occasionally, however, authority proved smarter than they, and woe betide the poor sinner who got caught, for punishment, real punishment, followed swiftly. According to old Christel (a well-known resident of Bethlehem nearly a century ago) it was the brother who had to bear it. So here is one case on record where the blame did not fall on the woman:

This Schnitz business grew to great proportions. Many orders were filled from far and near, and each choir house and the girls' school had to have its allotment for the winter. The stores also kept the schnitz for sale.

As farms began to be developed on the outskirts of the town, and orchards grew up, there were more schnitzing-bees. The farmer's wife would invite her friends to come and help her make her own supply of schnitz and great would be the fun. Apple butter was also made in great quantities in huge copper kettles, and was the excuse for another evening party, the young folks walking out to the farm and back again, at a later period. Mommy Mack was famous for her apple butter, and everyone loved to go and help her make it.

Apple butter like hers was well-known, and ordered by the same families from year to year, the Reeder and Maxwell families of Easton always had their orders on file for the various products of Mommy Mack's skill.

But, these and the apple butter parties belonged more to the country round about.

Carpet rag parties were popular in the village. Everybody saved clothing, etc., for this last service. Strictly utilitarian were these people and as carpets and rugs they had to have, they made them.

Half way up Market Street hill in the old home of Mommy Schindler, we find Mommy Bush. (This affectionate dimutive was bestowed upon all old women, and old men were called daddy or pappy.)

Mommy Bush was famous for her rag parties, and she was considered to have nicer rags than anyone else because her husband was a weaver and had fine pieces left over. She gave her parties in the evening, and every one always attended and tried to sew the greatest number of balls. Nine was the average.

Refreshments were served to the sewers where they sat at work in a circle. First a towel was passed around, with one end wet, for carpet rags soil the fingers; and this towel was to wash the fingers with one end and dry them with the other

end, so economizing time and consequent laundry work.

Plates were handed round, and huge doughnuts, for Mommy Bush made them as big as your hand. And then came the piece de resistance, custard pie two inches deep, with the inevitable mug of coffee holding nearly a pint.

Having done their duty to the tune of nine balls, having thoroughly enjoyed the good things to eat provided by the generous hostess and fortified the inner man against the cold without by the steaming hot coffee,—the guests now put on large carpet shoes over their ordinary shoes, and with swinging lanterns in their hands wended their way homewards over the slippery roads, in the winter darkness.

Mommy Bush kept up the hospitable traditions of the neighborhood for Mommy Schindler, who lived next door, was also well-known for her generous hospitality.

Born in Moravia, Maria Magdalena Wetzel, emigrated to this country, and here married George Schindler, also of Moravian birth. On the last day of May in 1792, Schindler was installed as landlord of the old Crown Inn, the tavern which the brethren had erected on the south bank of the river, standing where the Union Depot is at present situated. For two years and a half, they lived there, until October of 1794, when the inn was finally closed; thus the

Schindlers were the last host and hostess of this historic tavern known to many of Revolutionary fame as the Bethlehem Tavern.

As Schindler was a linen weaver he was able to fall back upon his trade and so leave his widow, when he died in 1809, her cottage home and a modest nest egg; to which she was able to add by her industry. The spinning wheel was her stand-by, and many an odd penny it earned for her exchequer. Young people were greatly attracted to Mammy Schindler, for she had in superlative degree the quality of sympathy and understanding. Children adored her, and she would often invite them to vesper with her, on which occasion she would always provide "something freshly baked" for their little stomachs, and fairy stories for their little ears.

The children of our missionaries held a special place in her regard and this truly generous woman would stint herself to provide necessities for those children placed in our schools by their missionary parents in distant places.

Her bounty was endless, whatever she had was her friends'—in season the fruits of her garden provided gifts; in the winter months nuts and plates of doughnuts, fritters or pancakes carried her greetings.

Of course she kept pigs and chickens and these were another source of delight to the kiddies. Her garden boundary was also that of the Hecke-

welder garden, so she and good old Daddy Heckewelder found the children a source of mutual pleasure, as the beautiful simplicity of childhood finds its counterpart in that of old age.

The interior of Sister Schindler's home was sparsely furnished. She rented the rooms she really did not need, also the old workshop, retaining for herself only one which she used as kitchen, parlor and bedroom.

Her bed was in a chimney recess with a curtain drawn across it in the daytime. The floor was covered with a rag carpet. A few wooden chairs (the kind with the gaily colored fruit and flowers painted on the back) a footstool, with an eight-day clock, the spinning wheel and a rush bottomed chair for the latter, completed the list of her belongings. There was a huge tortoise shell cat to put the finishing touch to the picture, and he must have known his artistic value for it is said he laid on the sunny window sill and purred like a big bumble bee.

Doubtless he was the joy of her life, for her affectionate disposition demanded something to love and constant companionship.

As the years sped on they brought physical frailties to her. She became almost blind, had to give up her spinning and her household duties, and became dependent upon her tenants, who were her very good friends. She was very rebellious against this helpless condition, and con-

A mid-century sister in her black sunbonnet

stantly prayed for death, speaking of heaven and those who had gone before to every one who came to see her. Her visitors were many, as she was greatly beloved and they were always asked to pray for her speedy "home-going"; more than once she added a message to be given to other friends "tell them to remind the Lord that I am here upon earth," for she fancied that perhaps God had forgotten it.

She had her grave clothes prepared, and a sum of money set aside for funeral expenses and yet she continued to live on.

But eventually the call came; and then—she did not want to go! She clung to life, saying that "after all it was very sweet and pleasant, and that it was easier to speak of death when he was distant than actually to meet him"!

The minister made many visits during her illness and held much spirited intercourse with her striving to have her regain her former Christian faith and desire. As the flesh weakened the Spirit returned and when she entered the dark valley it was with happiness that she finally folded her hands and went to sleep.

She rests in the old graveyard, but a stone's throw from her garden. Even in death she is not without children around her, for scores of boys and girls daily pass her resting place on their way to the brick schoolhouse under the horse chestnut trees.

And as children of to-day love doughnuts and sugar cakes as much as those of a century ago, I have no doubt they would joyfully welcome back Mammy Schindler and her vespers.

A little farther up the street lived Sister Susanna Bourquin, wife of the village cabinetmaker. They were very poor, but when money came in Pappy Bourquin, who was a great botanist, at once spent it for plants, often sending to Philadelphia for rare bulbs when he was so poor he could not buy meat. He and John Bartram, of Philadelphia, who laid out the famous gardens on the west bank of the Schuylkill, were great friends.

The Bourquins had a lovely garden of their own to the rear of their house, in which grew a very unusual collection of cacti; and it was quite the thing to visit this garden as a Sunday afternoon diversion, and go from there to the vineyards on the sunny slopes of the western hill and buy the grapes (in season).

Sister Bourquin worked in the garden very faithfully enjoying the beauty of the flowers as much as her husband, enjoying also the social intercourse which they brought.

Like a good wife she also kept Daddy Bourquin working at his trade a grewsome part of which was the making of coffins. His low funds were always a source of embarrassment to him, and he probably had not enough money on hand to

buy lumber in sufficient quantity for his business, for it is said that he made his coffins so small he broke many a nose when he put on the lids!

One he made so small they could not squeeze the poor corpse into it; so he gave it to Sister Susanna, and *she* kept her *Schnitz* in it! Thus making the best of a bad bargain, as doubtless she had to do very often, for the wives of scientists as well as of poets and artists have to contend with temperament (!) and it is only the eternal adaptability of the partner who promises to love, honor and obey that makes a success of matrimony under such conditions.

Perhaps Sister Susanna drowned many a sorrow in the cup which cheers at her daily vesper. Think of the comfort of that half hour in the midst of a busy day!

By this time, while the daily vesper was part of the accepted order if things, vesper parties began to creep in.

The charming vespers! Absolutely sui generis, and fast going the way of so many lovely things, in the rampant industrialism of to-day!

Women met to sew, to knit or whatever the practical need of the particular day might be. It was a desire for social intercourse that moved them, and yet their sense of duty required a utilitarian application of the time; in fact the limited resources of the day demanded constant work.

The hour was half past two. At three they had

vesper, a light repast consisting usually of sugar cake and coffee, of which they partook after the singing of the grace.

Tune 79.

What praise to Thee, my Saviour,
Is due for every favor,
E'en for my daily food:
Each crumb Thou dost allow me,
With gratitude shall bow me,
Accounting all for me too good.

John Gambold, 1711-71.

a little act of real worship that, never overlooked, was sung with complete understanding.

The rest of the afternoon was spent in conversation while busy fingers worked. The subjects were practical or helpful, *never harmful* or malicious. It was considered very bad form to criticise anyone who was absent, and the entire spirit of the occasion was one of complete simplicity and kindliness.

When vespers were given upon noteworthy occasions a decided tone of elegance was given to the affair. Ancestral silver was brought out; the finest and heaviest of linens, handwoven, with the crest or initials of the owner in the corners; Old Meissen or Spode china; and the Baron Stiegel glass in some families. The every-day sugar cake gave way to sponge, or "baba" cakes; or the rice cake of which Lafayette was so fond when he was regaled with it at the Beckel homestead.

White grape jelly was also considered a very great dainty to serve at vesper.

This form of entertainment was so common that it seems useless to pick out a few names for mention.

Yet there were a few groups who met together quite often, and I do not mean *cliques,* when I say groups, for there were no cliques in Bethlehem. Everyone knew everybody; all of the women were good friends and perfectly happy to be together, but of course there were some who were very close friends, and consequently were often together.

Mrs. Lewis David de Schweinitz and Mrs. Philip Henry Goepp were very close friends, in fact the son of the former married the daughter of the latter. Mrs. Henry Guetter was an intimate friend, and the talented Mrs. Caroline Zorn, with Mrs. Fiot, wife of the Frenchman who built Bishopthrope Manor, and Mrs. Dutch, wife of the sturdy sea captain who settled here.

Over on Broad Street there was Mrs. James Borhek, who was a near neighbor and good friend of Mrs. Gustav Grunewald, wife of the well-known landscape artist. Mrs. Henry Luckenbach and Mrs. John Levers were almost within call, with Mrs. George Dixon, dignified and proper, just across the street. A short distance up Broad Street lived Mrs. Samuel Brunner, wife of the

genial justice of the peace, and there was a great deal of intercourse between these sisters.

Sister Grunewald was possessed of a keen sense of humor, and a quick tongue, and was always the life of the party, causing merriment which sometimes gave offence to "Mother" de Schweinitz, as Mrs. Lewis David de Schweinitz was called. "Sisters, sisters," she would say, "this is unseemly. What will the passers-by think!" Mrs. Henry Goundie was a fine pastry cook and when her dainty cakes were ready, word went down to her friend Mrs. Matthew Christ the shortest way, (via the old graveyards) and the appointed time would see that sister on hand with her knitting and appetite.

In these groups we see the first mention of "outsiders" that ungracious but significant (because of the early ideal of seclusion) designation of non-Moravians who had settled temporarily or permanently in Bethlehem. Mrs. Fiot was the wife of the Frenchman, who created for himself an estate on the present site of Bishopthorpe School, calling it Fontainebleu. Mrs. Dutch was the second wife of the sturdy old sailor who built the fine old "Dutch Mansion" on New Street, now torn down to make way for an office building; Mrs. de France was one of the summer visitors who played a prominent part in the life of the town, and helped introduce Dame Fashion to those of the gentle sisters who had eyes to see

such things. Mrs. Lachenour was a member of the prominent Easton family of that name,—and so it goes on.

The discovery of coal in the upper Lehigh region rang the death knell of the halcyon days of old Bethlehem.

In 1829 the Lehigh canal was completed, and the fertile fields of the Brethren adjoining the river had to be given up. This was the first encroachment of the utilitarian upon the beautiful, for many a fine tree and greenwood trail had to be sacrificed, notably the picturesque path on the north bank of the river, by the Doster homestead. Sister Pauline Doster often lamented the passing of this familiar walk and quoted *"Bartow's Weg and Loskiel's stein Soll mir unvergesslich sein."*

(Bartow's way or Loskiel's stone are to me, unforgottable.)

The "stone" was a great rock at the east end of the walk, near the rocks of Nisky where a rustic seat marked the end of the walk.

With the coming of the canal, various new business interests developed locating chiefly in the lower portion of the village, around the canal. Here was erected Bethlehem's third hotel, at first called Anchor Hotel, but later widely known as the Fetter House, under Herman M. Fetter. Its first landlord was Henry Woehler, captain of the Bethlehem Guards, and a veteran of the battle of

Waterloo, who ran the hotel in the delightful old-time way, when your landlord was really your host. His most notable guest was Maximilian, Prince of Wied, who spent the summer of 1832 at the Anchor accompanied by Bodmar, a friend and artist who painted several beautiful views of the village and river.

Maximilian added largely to his collection of the flora of North America, while in Bethlehem, and notes particularly, in this volume of travel, that he sent his first instalment for his herbarium to New York for safe keeping, on one of the new canal boats.

The Moravians accepted the canal very happily, on the whole, and made of it a source of pleasure as well as profit. It was great fun to have canal boat parties, picnicking on the boats, as they went on their way, and then walking back home, or boarding another boat for the return.

The "Old Frohsinn" a male singing club which followed the Luderkranz, hired a boat for the day, took their little rosewood piano, with them down to the lock and installed it upon the boat, and all day long there was music in the air, song after song echoing from hill to hill. As the boat quietly made its way through the placid water, the bells on the mules would disturb the humming birds which fluttered in great numbers around the beautiful wild primroses, or the boatman's horn would rouse the big bull frogs which leaped

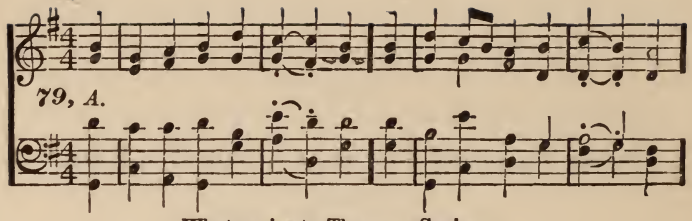
from the roots of the old trees into the water at his approach.

Ere the shadows of evening fell gently upon the landscape the party turned back still singing, although The Abschied von Walde and Abendgebet were then the burden of their song; and as they finally wended their way homeward arm in arm through the quiet streets, with the full moon now high in the sky, their voices rose once more in tuneful serenade.

And the sad part of this perfect day was that the only share which the sisters had in it was the packing of the generous picnic hampers!

VII

Some Teaching Sisters and the Old Bell-ringers



What praise to Thee, my Saviour,
Is due for every favor,

VII

Some Teaching Sisters and the Old Bellringers

THE QUIET PEACE which pervaded Bethlehem had no discordant note for many years. The summer suns shone on days filled with honest labor and evenings given up to simple pleasures; reading of course, as many were highly educated people who had left the highest civilization of the time behind them. Chess, checkers and dominoes were much enjoyed, but games of cards were not permitted; out-door games were encouraged, especially for the younger people.

The great delight of everybody was music, which was not only an institution of the church, but the chief amusement, also, and more or less knowledge of music was general. Every one was expected to learn it. Children were put into singing classes as a matter of course, no one inquired as to whether they had a singing voice. Not at all; they were instructed just the same. In fact it was then believed, that whoever was able to calculate, could be taught music.

Much use was made of the beautiful river with its charming islands covered with tress whose

shadows were reflected in the quiet water. The mountains rising from the south bank of the stream were covered with oak hickory and buttonwood trees of every size, and the fertile meadows of the Moravians stretched away from the north bank. A charming walk had been laid out along these meadows, and proved to be a paradise for the botanist as myriads of wild flowers grew along its way.

Whit-Monday was a great holiday in this community, and was marked by a most delightful celebration, on the river. The people assembled at the boat landing, and the musicians entered the boat provided for them; a large, flat-bottomed boat, propelled by four men with long poles, and carrying music stands and seats. This boat led the way, the others following, up the river, every one enjoying the music which had been written especially for this day, and was called "Die Wasserfarth" or the "Boat Ride," and was descriptive of the occasion itself. About a mile to the westward, at Willow Eddy, the river makes an abrupt turn, forming a little whirlpool. The water becomes much deeper, and the composer made use of this natural feature by causing the music to express great peril, fear and terror.

The poleman kept the boat in the eddy long enough for the musicians to perform their part; then released it, reëntered the placid stream and to the accompaniment of lively airs and graceful

Calypso Island

melodies calmly drifted down stream with the current.

The composer of this music was David Moritz Michael, a violin virtuoso who spent many years in Bethlehem and Nazareth, and a man who left a deep impress on the musical life of the town. Bro. Charles Beckel said of him "he was a dear, good man, who should never be forgotten by us." A water color portrait of him painted by George Fetter from life, was in existence for many years.

Every where they could slip in music they did so. Who but they, would have put music into the mouth of a night watchman? And of a sacred character? The old chap who patrolled the little village came on duty at eight p. m. and called out every hour from then until six a. m. in a musical couplet.

VIII

Past eight o'clock! Oh, Bethlehem, do thou ponder
Eight souls in Noah's ark were living yonder.

IX

'Tis nine o'clock! Ye brethren, hear it striking,
Keep hearts and houses clean to our Saviour's liking.

X

Now, brethren, hear! The clock is ten and passing,
Now rest but such as wait for Christ's embracing.

XI

Eleven is past! Still at this hour eleven,
The Lord is calling us from earth to heaven.

XII

Ye brethren hear! The midnight clock is humming,
At midnight our great Bridegroom will be coming.

I

Past one o'clock! The day breaks out of darkness,
Great morning appear and break our darkness.

II

'Twas two! On Jesus wait this silent season,
Ye too so near related, will and reason.

III

The clock is three! The blessed three do merit.
The best of praise from body soul and spirit.

IV

'Tis four o'clock! When three make supplication,
The Lord will be the fourth on that occasion.

V

'Tis five o'clock! Five virgins were discarded,
When five with wedding garments were rewarded.

VI

The clock is six and I go off my station,
Now brethren, watch yourselves for your salvation.

Clad in a long great coat and swinging his hand-made iron lantern he stood on the corners of the streets and with each hour of the clock he tunefully admonished the sleeping brethren to give thought to their future state. Two sisters

were usually detailed as a night watch inside their houses, and I am sure handed out mugs of hot coffee to the watchman of the village, just as they did when soldiers guarded their entrance.

Music lessons were given in the single Brethren's house, the Girl's School and the Sisters' House, at first free of charge, but later, a small fee was asked, as it was one of the ways in which the sisters could add to their income. The more utilitarian spinning, weaving and knitting were well-known branches of industry. Washington himself, styled the Sisters' House "the first domestic manufactory of the land" where he made the purchase of "blue stripes" for his lady, and stout woolen hose for himself on that summer day in 1778.

The adjacent Girls' School drew upon the residence of the choir houses for its teachers for a century long after the school moved into new quarters and became the Young Ladies' Seminary. Many of the best teachers lived in the old houses, and went to the school to give instruction. The fine needlework on which so much emphasis was laid was taught by the Sisters who were especially engaged for this branch.

The teachers of cultural branches had a stiff proposition to handle. There were very few school books in those days, therefore instruction had to be oral and it meant diligent study for the teacher; fortunately education was simple.

As the school was small, it was possible to develop it on the lines of a family circle, the ideal so dear to Moravianism. Relaxation and past times were freely indulged in, and Wednesday half holiday was devoted to walks up the river, or across the mountains. Saturday morning was given over to the sewing class, which included a careful examination of their wardrobes, one pupil recording in her diary on a Saturday:

> "This day as usual, it was spent,
> In mending of the clothes we rent."

Saturday afternoon was free time, when walking, boating or gardening could be indulged in, after the vesper hour.

In the winter evenings the little circle gathered around one of the teachers with distaff, or needle to provide employment for idle fingers and listened to stories of religious experience, or prominent people at home and abroad, and ere the early bed-time came, there was singing with guitar or spinet accompaniment.

Occasionally Saturday would be a "spinning day" an event anticipated with great pleasure, and which took place during the cold winter, when bad weather kept them indoors.

The eighth of March, 1789, was one of those days, and was chronicled in a vivid manner by a pupil as follows:

"Saturday, March 8, 1789—We had a spinning day. Early in the morning our tutoresses woke us with the following hymn, accompanied by the sweet notes of Sister Sulamith's guitar:

"Awake, dear children, early rise,
To pay your morning sacrifice
To God, the glorious King of kings,
Who with the shadow of His wings
Has cover'd you, and kept
Thus safely while you slept!
With countenances all serene
Then at your destined work be seen,
As bees most busy.
The distaff and the wheels both are
Prepared; and flax is ready there,
Come, take in hand the easy task;
God grant you succor if you ask,
Bid sleep farewell; come, haste ye,
The spinning-pleasures taste ye."

"After breakfast the large room was put in order for the business of the day,—the spinning-wheels arranged in one row, and the distaffs in two. At nine o'clock our tutoresses presented us with apples. At ten o'clock cakes were handed round. We had several of the Sisters from the Sisters' House visiting us throughout this day. In the evening Sister Hübener complimented us with a repast, and very acceptable after the labors of the day. We then joined in chorus, singing:

"To the Giver of all good!
It is He whose blessing raises
All that gives us clothes and food.
Who of you could ever have expected
What on this spinning-day has been effected?
Oh, the pleasure is most sweet
Right to use our hands and feet."

and then followed an original composition in verse on their work, recited by all of the pupils, beginning with the youngest and ending with the eldest, "after which the ringing of the bell summoned us downstairs."

Bro. W. C. Reichel draws such a pretty picture of these small maidens, (ages eight to fifteen) at their work, that I give it to you in his words:

"The wheels and distaffs are ranged along the heavenly-pannelled room, and the little spinsters, seated on wooden settles, prim in their snow-white caps and ruffled vandykes, with busy fingers twist the yielding flax. Mirth and laughter mingle with the hum of the droning wheel, and the enlivening chorus is timed by the pattering treadles as they nimbly worked by rows of tiny feet, on which the well-burnished buckles glitter with reflected light. The group and their employment bring forcibly to mind the ancient praises of the wheel and distaff,—the record of the historian and the song of the poet portraying scenes of virtuous household industry, where the matron of high degree is seated among her maidens,

alloting the daily task, and not too proud to excite them by her example of deeds of honest labor."

The Moravian schools were known in many lands and wealthy planters of the South and of the West Indies sent their daughters to the seminaries.

Little Miss Peggy Vriehuis, of St. John's W. I. aged eight years, was sent to the Bethlehem school in charge of a faithful negress who remained for months until the little lady was accustomed to the new residence beyond all danger of homesickness. "Nurse Mintje" was given her own room in the building, and here seated on a high-backed chair, she spent most of her time, her fingers busily occupied with strange new materials, in the making of woolen garments for Miss Peggy; garments that must have been hard to fashion for fingers accustomed to fine cambric and linen.

This room was known for a long time as "Mintje's room" although the negress was here only four months. She made a great impression with her broad, black face under the gay turban of printed cotton, its tropical suggestions such a contrast to the austere chastity of the snow-white cap the sisters wore.

Rock-ribbed New England also sent its daughters to the girls' school. The most interesting one, historically, was Anna Allan, niece of Gen-

eral Ethan Allan, of Revolution fame. Allan visited Bethlehem in 1778, and doubtless was impressed most favorably with what he saw, and later sent his niece for that reason. The girl came, never to return, for she has the sad distinction of being the first pupil to die in the school. She was ill only a short time, but felt a premonition that her end was drawing near. A week before the end came, she was apparently perfectly well, and one of a group at the Saturday afternoon vesper table, and here she stated that "upon the next Saturday she would be a guest at her Saviour's table in Heaven." The remark was prophetic, for in less than a week her teachers and comrades mourned her loss, as she had been dearly beloved.

The interment took place in the Moravian graveyard on the hill back of the school, and her remains were followed by her weeping companions, dressed in white. Anna had asked to be buried here, and her grave is marked by the same kind of slab, a small rectangle, which distinguishes all of the other graves.

Sister Kliest, the teacher who was so much loved, wrote a poem of eleven verses upon this death, one verse of which reads as follows:

"Our Anna's gone!—gone to eternal rest;
She with her Saviour is supremely blest;
She, whose delight it was to play and sing,
Now hails in songs sublime the matchless King."

The many visitors who came to the town were always interested in the girls' school, and were courteously shown around, and explained the system of education used by the Moravians.

One of the distinguished visitors early in the Nineteenth Century was the Russian Ambassador. His coming was known in advance and one of the little girls resolved to take a hand in the proceedings. She knew he would be shown the dormitories on the top floor, so she, cat-like, scrambled up to the loft above the dormitories. It was here the trunks, which were really wooden chests, of the pupils were kept, pulled up through a trapdoor in the ceiling, by means of a windlass. Up here the curious girl secreted herself, and in due time was rewarded by seeing the principal, Bro. Benade, open the door of the dormitory and enter the hall with his guest and retinue. Bro. Benade spoke of the clean airy dormitories, so well cared for in every way, told of how each pupil was taught to take care of her own bed and braid her own rug,—and then from the heavens above, apparently, came a shrill voice, crying out "and here is where we keep our chists"!

Looking up in amazement they saw, in bold relief against the whitewashed ceiling, an open black square, and looking down upon them, through the square, the laughing rosy face of a

young girl, framed in its close-fitting cap of white!

The heroine of this episode was no other than Sister Mary Allen, familiarly called Polly, who founded the Sunday school later.

She was a most estimable woman, and stood high in the community, where her entire life, save for the earliest years, was spent. At a very tender age she was placed in the Girls' School by Dr. Andrew Craigie, of Boston, as his niece, but she was not a Moravian then. In 1804, after a long visit to Philadelphia she returned and requested permission to reside in the Sisters' House and enter the Church.

Owing to the usages of the Church at that time, admission to membership was a matter that required long consideration and while permission was granted to take up her residence in the Sisters' House, the Church membership was held off. This proved a severe trial to her feelings, but after waiting three years, at the urgent solicitation of Sister Mary Gill who acted a mother's part toward her, she obtained permission to move to Nazareth, where she was received into the communicant membership.

Her autobiography contains this tribute to those probationary years, "How graciously our Saviour drew me to Himself from the time I came to live in the Sisters' House at Bethlehem, and how precious and quickening to my heart the

meetings of the congregation were, I cannot describe."

Sister Allen remained in Nazareth until 1811, when she returned to Bethlehem to give instruction in fine needlework in the Sisters' House and School, gaining for herself many friends amongst her pupils. Later, she again returned to Nazareth as Deaconess of the Sisters, where she devoted her talents, and all the means in her possession (which were considerable) to the service of the Lord and the promotion of His cause on earth. Her piety, though unobtrusive, was consistent, and with her cultivated mind and attractive person imparted a gentle charm to her manner.

Her rigid adherence to the rules of the Brethren is illustrated by the following story: A married sister, living near Schoeneck asked Sister Allen to send out one of the sisters to help with the spring sewing. Now Schoeneck is three miles, more or less, from Nazareth, and, as the young son of the family was a pupil at Nazareth Hall, the mother proposed that the sister should walk out to the house with the lad when he returned from school, not only as a protector, but to show the sister the way.

This seemed a very nice arrangement, but the austere deaconess objected on account of the difference in sex, to no little astonishment of the

boy's mother, and the Sister, with her sewing bag, had to find her way alone!

After fifteen years Sister Allen resigned and returned to Bethlehem where she spent the rest of her life in retirement.

While in the enjoyment of good health she had been exemplary in her attendance on the services of the Church, and when no longer able to participate with the congregation she invited a few friends and her pastor to her room, and there united in a special service. Gradually she was confined to her bed, where, a friend of hers records, "she bore all her sufferings with great fortitude, humbly resigned to her Saviour's will."

The period of her illness was lengthened beyond the expectations of her friends, but on December 26th the approach of death was apparent, and her friends gathered in her room. Suitable hymns were sung, prayer was offered, and the last blessing imparted. She lingered, however, until the following evening, to near ten o'clock, when she gently fell asleep while hymns were being sung by the sisters in attendance. The same friend quoted before writes, "Thus she entered into the joy of her Lord lacking but a few hours of her seventieth year and on the very eve of her birthday which had once marked the beginning of her earthly course, and which now was the first to dawn after her entrance upon that new

life which is beyond time and endures through eternity."

In Bethlehem Sister Allen is chiefly remembered as the founder of the Sunday schools. The need of such an institution was very evident to her, and she gathered a number of girls around her for Bible instruction and hymn singing; with reading and spelling because some of the children came from the outlying farms and had no education. She gave them a light repast before sending them home, very easily managed because she held her Sunday school in the basement of the present Old chapel which was the dining room of the married brethren and sisters.

Sister Allen's room in the Sisters' House was the southwest corner room, directly inside the sun-dial door. This room was her home, and the only home she ever really knew, for the Moravians opened their doors to her as a relative of a well-known family, not as the daughter of such. Her father was a general staff officer of the Continental Army, and her mother was a beautiful Quakeress whose name was unknown to her daughter for many years. Sometime after the death of her mother, Sister Allen was invited to Easton for the day, and there, in the beautiful garden of the Churchman family, the romantic story of her mother's early love was told to her by the only living person who knew it. She, too, kept the secret, as all concerned with it had done.

Whether she dwelt upon it in the still hours of the night, who can say? Certain it is, the tale was buried with her, and the beautiful Quakeress will be forever denied the *honor* of being, Polly Allen's mother.

Contemporary with Sister Allen was Sister Anna Rosina Kliest, one of the most popular teachers in the school.

The day the principal presented her to the pupils as a new teacher a love-feast was held for her, and the children sang the hymn. "May he bless thee so sensibly."

The first class she held was in one of the fine arts, painting, and she was the first instructor of painting in the school. An exceedingly able woman, gifted in a large degree, she impressed her individuality deeply upon the sixteen years she was in the school. In the class room she made such use of the oral methods of the time that her pupils absorbed their knowledge in a most happy way. In the room company, her winning and amiable manners won her much affection, and her poetic talent was in constant use for the love-feasts and celebrations of all kinds. Rhyming was as easy for her as breathing and some of her verse has been preserved. Sister Kliest was a great lover of the beauties of nature, and often planned mountain walks and trips to the Island, and best and most thrilling of all, moonlight trips on the ferry!

On these jaunts she chattered to the girls of the natural objects they saw around them; of the many kinds of wild flowers, the ancient forest trees, the passing clouds, the twinkling stars, and even the stones—the science that lay behind all of these was tactfully shown and under the guise of pleasure her pupils learned the secrets of nature.

This highly talented woman married Brother John Gambold of the Cherokee Mission, and in her new life she found much inspiration. She loved her Indians and showed as much ability in developing their intelligence as in training the minds of wealthy young ladies. When she was called home" in 1829, there was a great sorrow in the Mission, and the Cherokee Indians still hold her memory green.

A great friend of the pupils at this time, was Daddy Thomas, letter-carrier to the school. The last and official guide to the village. Every one who knew him, loved him, and he made great friends amongst the people who, hearing the fame of Bethlehem came to see it, and thereby learned to love it. He selected his own burial place in the corner of the old graveyard, where lie the village forefathers because "he wanted the strangers of a later day to see the grave of old Daddy Thomas, who had been guide to the strangers of his time, and become their friend afterward." The old man had plenty of leisure and

would accompany the school girls on their walks up the river and down the canal, and on their picnics to the Island. Here in the midst of the great clumps of beautiful rhododenron with its pink bloom, and under the shade of trees so dense that the temperature of a summer day was appreciably lowered, did the little party enjoy its coffee, and cake frequently celebrating love feast, also in the shady grove. If a sudden shower came up, there was shelter at hand in the hollow trunks of the old plane trees, one of which was so large it was capable of holding ten people. There were various aquatic plants growing in the river, the white water lily, the yellow spatterdock, cata' nine tails, and here the tortoise were to be found, crawling over the old stumps or on the lily leaves.

Again, when the snow carpeted the earth, would he take the girls over to the mountains to gather the moss and greens for Christmas decorations. Up beyond the Old Man's Place, a lonely hut on the mountain side, inhabited by a hermit-like old squatter, there were acres of laurel, which was used for years and years as holiday decorations and here the girls and Daddy Thomas cut basket after basket to weave into garlands.

He was also the postman, and his young friends eagerly watched for his appearance at their gate laden with the mail, the delivery of which he made quite a ceremony combined with

The River Road

gentle teasing which elicited gales of laughter, stilled by the voice of authority when it became boistrous. As old age crept on and infirmities developed, Daddy was obliged to give up his various duties, one by one, until unable to take the visitors around, he retired to his home to peacefully await his call. When he finally fell asleep in the ninetieth year of his age, he was laid to rest in the spot he had selected, on Easter Day.

Daddy Thomas had no children of his own, but an adopted daughter, Rachel Schneller, gave him devoted care.

The Rev. George Schneller was a missionary in the West Indies and when he died, his orphaned children, George, Charles and Rachel were sent back to Bethlehem. Daddy Thomas went down to Philadelphia to meet the boat when it arrived, and "bought" Rachel from the ship, an act which constituted adoption in those days. He sent her to the school where she became a good musician, and an expert needle worker. Upon the death of Sister Thomas, Rachel went to live with Daddy Thomas, and gave him the devotion of a daughter until he "passed on" when she moved to the Sisters' House. Her room faced the north, looking out over the flower garden where each sister had her own flower bed to look after, and was reached by the stone walk leading up to the hooded door, which in those days they called "the *Pfortchen.*" Rachel was a small, dark-eyed woman, with very

pleasant manners. She used to give sewing lessons to little girls, in her room, and the children always turned up promptly at the hours "their auntie Schneller," appointed. There was always a little treat after the lesson, as Sister Rachel kept apples and strüssel on hand for sale, and her young friends were rewarded for their industry with a taste of her goodies. She rehearsed them in their church music, also taking great interest in the children's hymns. One verse she had them singing over and over—

Tune 11.

In Thy garden here below,
Water me that I may grow,
And when grace to me is given,
Then transplant me into heaven.

This she loved, and the children did too, because they could understand the imagery. Sometimes, when the little girls arrived, they would find other sisters present; and busied with their work of sewing straw baskets, or making the fancy paper and silk boxes which sold so well. This generally meant that a vesper had taken place, and therefore there was an *"überbleipsel"* (left over) for the children which was heartily enjoyed.

Another inmate of the Sisters' House at this time was Mammy Kitchelt also from the mission field in the West Indies, and widow of Brother

The main path in the old graveyard

The grave of Daddy Thomas with the Horsefield House in the background

S. G. Kitchelt. Her home was near Dresden, in Saxony, but she preferred coming to Bethlehem, that refuge for the widows and orphaned children of missionaries. Here she was given the position of bell-ringer. Calling the children to school at 7:45 and again at 12:45; announcing the dinner hour at 11:30; and of course ringing for all the church services.

Sister Kitchelt was very graceful and bowed beautifully when greeting you on the street; which was supposed to come from bending on the bell-rope so constantly. She was a little bit of a woman, with a very white skin but no rosy cheeks. There were very few pink cheeks within those old stone walls, I understand; the life was probably too secluded.

The "bell" was of great importance in Bethlehem, for it ordered the lives of young and old, and in the very beginning it was a clock also.

The first bell was hung on July 6, 1742, on a tree in front of the Gemein Haus, and Joachim Senseman was the ringer. He struck the hours, also, beginning at 5 a. m., until 9 p. m., when the night watch was set.

In 1746 the little turret of the Bell House was equipped with its bell, which later bestowed its name upon the building in popular fancy, or rather, bells; for the first was an outfit of three, which struck the quarters and hours. For nearly thirty years these were used, and then in 1776

the largest one was recast by Tommerup, a Danish bell founder, who lived in the Brethren's House, and his assistant, Anthony Smith. Twice did they fail in the cast, and then the sooty Dane called for pure silver to qualify the baser metal or Bethlehem would have no bell. A purse of Spanish silver was quickly made up, and handed to him, and in virtue of the precious metal the third cast was successful. When struck the bell sounded A with the ninth as a resultant harmonic tone, and in this way it sounds to-day.

A rough looking bell; unpolished it has naught to commend itself to notice save the magic figures "1776." Hung in the little belfry over which, flung against the blue sky, the golden fleeced Lamb of the church points to the four winds of heaven, it was rung for the first time late in the afternoon of the 27th day of July, 1776, three weeks after the Declaration of Independence was given to the world. Right faithfully has it given its voice to the world for all these years; yea, for one hundred and forty-two years and it is quite fitting that the wondrous old stone pile which it crowns should be known by its name.

The ringers were all women for many years. Sister Molly Isles, the first one, was born on the island of Antigua, West Indies, her father being the pioneer missionary on that island. Upon his death there, she retired to Bethlehem. In 1813, the bell was tolled for her, and Sister Mary

Fritsch took her place. The widow Kitchelt took the vacant place when the bell once more tolled for its ringer in 1820. For twenty-seven years did the graceful little lady bow over her bell-rope, and then, she too, was laid to sleep to its voice. Then Widow Buehler in '65 and Widow Borhek in '68 were its ringers, and the old bell tolled for them. And also for the assistant, Anthony Smith, did the bell ring out—but not for the blonde blue-eyed Tommerup himself, for he betook himself to Nazareth, and his bell knew him no more.

Widow Boehler, the fourth bell ringer, was a happy Maryland girl, who bore six children to her husband. She lived far beyond the alloted three score years and ten, and even four score, the years totalling 89 in fact, and her long life was crowned with the manifold blessing of 44 great grandchildren, all of whom she knew.

Surely the bell tolled for her!

The widow Borhek, m. n. Luckenbach, daughter of Adam Luckenbach, was the next bell ringer. She was the second wife of old Christel Borhek, the hatter. Following her came Widow Fuehrer, Mommy Fuehrer, as she was called. The Fuehrers were a pioneer family of the town. Away back in the 18th century before the bridge was built, old Valentine Fuehrer was the ferryman, and he was followed by his son, Frederick. When the bridge put the ferry out of business, Frederick

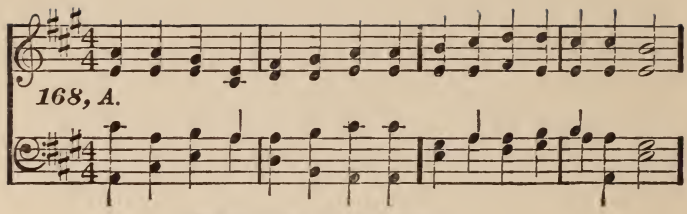
turned farmer, and his son, Joseph, kept up farming. Joseph married Salome Herwig, and they ran the farm across the river, living in the old farm house which was formerly the Crown Inn. Married in '29 she was widowed in '49, and then moved over the river again to the old home. As "Chapel servant" she took care of the old chapel adjacent to the Bell House for twenty-seven years and was bell-ringer for sixteen of those years; and custodian, as well as ringer—for the school boys, running through the hall where the bell-rope hung, supposedly for a drink of water from the Sisters' pump, would give the rope a pull that set the bell a clanging, and out would come the irate old lady with fire in her eye. Of course this was just what the young imps wanted, and safely hidden somewhere, they would thoroughly enjoy the exasperation expressed by the legitimate bell ringer.

Sisters Bealer and Lelansky followed Mommy Fuehrer for a short time, and then the bell-rope was given into the strong hands of the janitor of the parochial school.

What the old bell thought of such a change, it tried to say, but there was no one to understand. Its old friends and confidantes of many years had gone, and the iron tongue had no way of reaching them except through the vibrations of that ninth harmonic as they quivered out into endless space.

VIII

Some Widowed Sisters



'Mid the trials we experience,
May we not give way to fears,

VIII

Some Widowed Sisters

THE MORAVIANS have earned a special right to that fine old missionary hymn, "From Greenland's Icy Mountains." When its strains resound through the majestic church swelling from a thousand throats, backed by the deep diapason of the organ, and the blare of the trombones, it is easy to picture the long line of devoted men, and women who for two hundred years have joyfully gone forth to spread His story "from pole to pole";—Greenland, Tibet, the Indies—"earth's remotest nation" called, and was answered.

Answered by men and women: for it was always the policy of the church to send a married couple on missionary work, a policy which has been continued on account of its splendid results.

The church has been more than fortunate in the remarkable way in which the sisters helped the brethren in their plans, developed the work, and made life bearable under conditions, that, oftener than not, were simply appalling.

Too much praise cannot be given to these "church mothers." Living often in great privation and certainly with great self-sacrifice, they

preserved their happiness and peace of mind through trials without number, and by their daily practice of the Christianity which their husbands preached.

Homes had to be made under living conditions entirely new and strange, and that home had to be a parsonage, also,. Perhaps life in the tropics was easier than the life in the frozen north, for the luxuriant vegetation made the food supply an easy problem, even if luxuriant insect life was also present, but it was attended with great mortality on account of pestilential fevers.

The Moravian Church took as much interest in the development of the black as of the red men, therefore the West Indies and South America offered fruitful fields for missionary work, and fine was the response. Many families of to-day point with pride to two or three generations who have served in the mission stations of the Indies. Frederic Martin, Peter Ricksecker, Peter Wolle, the Reinkes, Lichtenthaelers, Klose, Zorn—the list is much too long to complete, but they were a splendid lot of men and women, mutually dependent upon each other for much and never failing in self-sacrifice and devotion to the cause.

And when the wife became a mother, the duties of life became more complex, and the parsonage was turned into a nursery, and later, a school, in which she taught her own children until they were old enough to be sent back to the States to one

or the other of the Moravian schools at Lititz, Nazareth, Bethlehem, Pennsylvania, and Salem, North Carolina, to complete their education.

So the self-sacrifice was extended to the degree of giving up her children and placing them in the care of the Church to which she had devoted her life, not to see them for years and years.

And when, as so often happened, she had to lay her husband to rest in his long last sleep in the graveyard of the mission station, then she too set sail for the States, a widow, to take refuge in one of the choir houses for widows which the Church had built for those who had spent their lives in the service, so there could be no suffering or poverty in their old age.

In the very beginning of the settlement in Pennsylvania, the widows lived together in Nazareth, but this arrangement was soon outgrown, and by 1768 they had their own house built for them in Bethlehem. They were allowed to choose the site, and decided upon the garden slope opposite the old Girls' School, or Bell House, where a substantial stone house in keeping with the Sisters' House was promptly erected.

On October 8, 1768, the Widows' Choir took their last communion with the Nazareth congregation, and then held a farewell love feast.

At seven o'clock on the morning of October 12th, the widows left Nazareth for Bethlehem, where they went directly to the Sun Inn. Several

of the brethren welcomed them here and escorted them to Gemein House, while a hymn of greeting was sung from the belvedere of the Brethrens' House. At two o'clock the trombone choir on the belfry, announced the love feast, and the Widows' Choir and their guests, repaired to the second floor of the new building to partake of the love feast. After the love feast the guests departed and the Widows' Choir only retired to their chapel where Brother Seidel delivered the dedicatory address, and introduced Sister von Gammern as deaconess, for their old deaconess, Sister Huber, was to return to Nazareth with a small number who preferred to live there. Eleven remained, however, to occupy the new house, viz: Sisters Bonn, Reiss, Hertzor, Hauser, Liebisch, Schnall, Leighton, Prosky, Kreinser, Schropp and Tannenberger, and the Deaconess von Gammern, who was the twelfth.

Gov. Penn was the first visitor of distinction to see the Widows' House, but all of the many prominent people who, for one cause or another visited Bethlehem inspected the new home.

When General Washington made his rounds, with Bishop Ettwein, the deaconess received him, and after his inspection of the house, the widows served him with cake and wine. The brilliant Alexander Hamilton was another visitor of note, also Richard Henry Lee, and Samuel Adams. It was Henry Laurens, the great friend of Bishop

Ettwein who exempted the Widows' House from service as a military hospital.

The first deaconess, Juliana Benedicta von Gammern, m. n. Mauersburg, was born in Silesia in 1717. In 1751 she was married to Abraham von Gammern, of Neusalz, and later came to this country with him, sailing on the "Hope." They went to the North Carolina congregation where the von Gammerns made influential friends through their intelligence and ability. After the death of her husband she came to Bethlehem, becoming the efficient deaconess of the Widows' Choir, and lived to see the new church built and occupied, dying in 1807.

The widow of Matthew Schropp, Ann Maria Schropp was one of those who first moved into the Widows House but she left it in August of 1778, to marry a second time.

Like the single sisters, the widows had their own farm. It lay east of what is now New Street, extending to the end of Nisky Hill, and up to the lane now called Market Street. The farmhouse was on the ground now enclosed as the pleasure grounds of the seminary and the big barn and stables were just east of the Widows' House itself.

In the very beginning the widows helped with the farm work, but later on a farmer was employed for them. The orchard was adjacent to New and Lehigh Streets, and the old flax barn

stood on the site of the present St. Edmunds Inn.

Every evening after milking time, there was a great procession of sisters, married, single and widows, going with little kettles to the farm house to get their share of milk. Those fortunate enough to have young people, children or grandchildren, would not need to go out in bad weather on this errand, but it was a pleasant duty in the summer time. As no one had any ice in those days, milk was boiled (sterilized) to prevent souring, and then kept in the vast, cool cellars, a part of which was apportioned to each sister as her own.

The Widows' House had its own cook, of course, and the best known was probably Gretel Opitz. She was a good-natured old soul, who went around boiling soap for people when she could arrange it, for she was active in spite of her enormous weight which was close to three hundred pounds. Gretel also found time to make the clay chickens for Christmas putzes, in fact, she taught Benel Ettwein how to make them.

Gretel was rather a lonely woman, and delighted to have a visitor. A little girl named Charlotte, and a daughter of a friend, would sometimes go to see Gretel in her room in the Widows' House, and being a talkative little thing would stay much longer than she was supposed to visit, but she never out-stayed her welcome, for Gretel hung upon every word the child uttered, and fed

her up on the best quince preserves to entice her to remain a little longer. Needless to say, little Charlotte did not require much coaxing. Gretel is the diminutive of Gretchen, which in its turn is the diminutive of Margaret, a name which suggests a fair and stately princess, and poor Gretel was not only short and fat but very homely, with protuding eyes. Behind the unpleasant exterior there was a very genial nature, as the widows found out on more than one occasion.

The group of women for whom Gretel cooked was a very remarkable one. Tragedy and comedy lived side by side under that roof with the scales heavily weighted by tragedy in the earlier days.

One of the most pathetic tales of pioneer days is that of Marianna Hoeth, daughter of Frederick and Joanetta Hoeth from the Palatinate who emigrated to Philadelphia where they joined the Moravian Church. Later the father hearing of the fertile lands to the north in the Indian Country, and with a few white settlers already there, bought a tract of land up in the wilds of Monroe County, across the Blue Mountains, and moving up there with his family, founded quite an important settlement known as Wechquetank. His farm gave him comparative comfort and plenty within a few years, he established a grist mill and a saw mill, a blacksmith shop and a wagon-builder's shop, and made the place a neighborhood center. A sturdy pioneer was he, and just

as sturdy were his wife and three daughters, living in confidence and hope on their cleared land in the great forest. But a ghastly fate fell upon them in December of 1755, a few weeks after the massacre at Gnadenhütten. The little settlement was attacked by savage Indians and burned to the ground. Many were shot, Hoeth himself was the first to fall, his wife soon after with her youngest daughter, but Marianna was not shot, she was dragged off and made captive.

Several other women were also kidnapped and their dreadful fate, worse than death, is unknown. But the story of poor Marianna is known. Her brutal captor thrust her into his wigwam and told her to become his wife, which however, she refused, and he left her for the time being, with a refinement of cruelty that was truly devilish, to think upon her awful fate. For days he waited, peresecuting her in numberless ways, and then, finding the heroic woman indomitable, he tortured her. Bound with leathern thongs he tied her to a stake, and threw tomahawks at her head, cleverly missing her each time. At last her iron will broke down. The terror, the horror, were so great, that she submitted.

For four years she lived with him, dragged around the country with the wandering of the tribe, even as far as Pittsburgh. Finally she escaped, and with her little son made her way to Bethlehem, a haven of peace to her poor soul

after her fearful experience. While in Bethlehem, Marianna had her boy christened by Bishop Peter Boehler, giving him the name of her father, Frederick Hoeth. The child was far from strong, consumption developed, that dread scourge of those early days, and quickly took little Frederick away.

Whereupon his mother united with the Widows' Choir still in Nazareth at this time, 1762.

Therefore Marianna was one of those who came to Bethlehem again in 1768 to occupy the new home for the widows. She died in 1772 at the age of thirty-five—when a woman is in her prime, the high tide of life; but Marianna, broken and sorrowing, could not forget those four years of horror in the forest.

Sister von Gammern was deaconess while Marianna was an inmate of the Widows' House, but the burden lay heavily upon her, and Sister Werwing was called down from Nazareth to take charge of the choir, so it was she who was head of the house through the Revolutionary period, and had the honor of entertaining the many guests. Born in Baden, she was a daughter of Baron Christian von Raschan, and married the minister in charge of the congregation at Gnadenfrei Saxony, Brother Peter Werwing. He departed this life at an early age, and she became deaconess of the widows in Germany. Upon her arrival in this country she took up the same work here, with

fine results, her administration proving a most capable one. When she too, was "called home" she had been a widow for forty-seven years, helping other widows in their grief to make something of their lives.

Also contemporary with Marianna Hoeth was the widow Parsons, relict of that strange man, William Parsons, founder of Easton. He was English by birth, with intensely strong likes and dislikes, and of a very ambitious nature, apparently making success his god. He worked hard at his trade in early youth, studying diligently at night, determined to get on in the world, so he may be called one of the first of Pennsylvania's self-made men, perhaps the first.

He married Johanna Christiana Zeidig, granddaughter of a widely-known Prussian clergyman much given to mysticism, a trait which reappeared in the granddaughter. So here was a hard-headed, prejudiced man of affairs, with no time for religion, married to a woman with spiritual longings which she expressed in a more or less morbid manner, and who experimented with all of the many queer sects of that day. Parsons had no patience with her and was quite harsh, so she finally said nothing more to him and allowed herself to drift away from contact with any religious body.

But the coming of the Moravians to Philadelphia where the Parsons were living gave her the

opportunity she needed, and she attended all of their meetings finding that in their doctrines which truly appealed to her. Her husband, who hated the Germans, was furious at her for joining the Moravians, forbade his family to have anything to do with them, and when his wife continued her attendance at their meetings, threatened to leave her if she did not cease all communication with them at once. Her children, too, loved the brethren, and the little family kept up its attendance in spite of parental opposition.

Whereupon Parsons really carried out his threat, and taking his two youngest daughters, Grace and Sallie, departed for the country where he secured an irreligious woman to take charge of the girls. He finally took up his residence in the Forks of the Delaware, and founded Easton. Here he definitely settled, and Grace and Sallie made their home with him. Easton was as much exposed to an Indian attack as was Bethlehem, and as the news of the dreadful massacres to the north reached Parsons, he was fearful of their safety. He adopted all possible measures of defence, and sent several letters to Philadelphia begging for arms and amunition, which he lacked. Finally, in desperation, he wrote an urgent appeal, and sent it to Secretary Peters by no less a messenger than his daughter Grace. He chose her for several reasons, chiefly, of

course, to have her in a place of greater safety than a frontier village.

So she departed, by wagon probably, as he speaks of trying to secure such a vehicle, and drove down the Delaware through the great forest, showing all the courage of the frontiers-woman and the fidelity of the messenger. The fearless girl reached Philadelphia in safety, and delivered her letter to the secretary, doubtless an astonished man at the sex of the bearer.

After the execution of this trust she went to her mother's house, and there remained, never going back to her father.

In 1757 she and her sister, Sallie, who had also come to Philadelphia, went to Bethlehem, where they entered the Sisters' House. An older sister of theirs, Molly, had lived there for the eight years previous to her marriage to a Moravian minister, so they felt at home among her friends. Here the two girls lived together, working for the little children.

Just at this time their father's health began to fail, and with the weakening of the body there came a softening of the spirit, so that all his old animosity toward the church died out, and he became reconciled to the fact that all of his family had become Moravians. Before his death he even sent a message to his wife regretting that he could never see her again, and saying that "her Saviour was now his Saviour, and he could die

in peace," a message which gave his wife much joy. Within two years, Grace married one of the young brethren, Nicholas Garrison, Jr., son of the famous sea captain of the "Irene" and "The Little Strength." Nicholas, Jr., was a seaman also, a "mariner" he called himself, but also had a decided talent for engraving; his copper plates of the Moravian settlements were very accurate and of course are of great value to-day. He and his wife, Grace, moved away from Bethlehem and were in Philadelphia at the time of the approach of the British. They fled the city then, and settled at Reading, Berks County, becoming identified with the Heidelberg Congregation.

Sally, the other sister, lived in the Sisters' House until 1766, when she married Timothy Horsefield, Jr. She was the mother of three sons, of whom William married Rebecca Weiss, daughter of Col. Jacob Weiss who founded Weissport up in the coal regions. The Horsefield home was north of the little graveyard, built in a clearing on what is now Market Street, and was the first store of the community. William Horsefield was also storekeeper at Nazareth, where he moved with his wife, Rebecca.

Sister Horsefield, always a true Moravian in spirit, was very happy in her home life. Her father's acceptance of the Saviour had made her very joyful and she doubtless wrote much of it to her mother in Philadelphia, for the mother

finally decided to reunite with her daughter and moved to Bethlehem, entering the Widows' House where she spent the rest of her years in an atmosphere such as she had always longed for.

In 1797 Sallie, herself a widow, entered the Widows' House. Of her three children, one had died, William and his family were in Nazareth, and Thomas, the youngest, had moved to England where he connected with the East India Company and later became a well-known scientist and author.

So she was practically alone in her last years, except for the comfort and happiness which came to her through the communcant membership of her church.

Women who lived together as these women did had an unusual opportunity to become close friends; also an unusual opportunity to be anything *but* friends. As they were human, quarrels and enmities did creep in, in spite of the saintly atmosphere, and it was just such conditions as these that the deaconess had to meet and correct, and she always did bring the sinners to a realization of their faults.

Nevertheless, there were many friendships. Living in the house under Sister Werwing was Maria Barbara Nitschman, m. n. Leinbach, who twice widowed, became a close friend of the deaconess, Sister Maria, was first married to Frederick Martin, a pioneer missionary to the West

Indies and who died on the island of St. Thomas. She later married the widower, Bishop David Nitschman, founder of Bethlehem, and for eighteen years was able to be to him a Christian wife. But in 1772 he, too, departed this life, leaving Sister Maria once more a widow, and this time she remained a widow, although she lived until 1810 in which year this faithful daughter of the Church passed to her reward.

She lived long enough, however, to welcome to the Widows' House one of its most distinguished members—Susanna Zeisberger, who, as has been said retired there after the death of her husband in 1808. Sister Zeisberger, whose maiden name was Lecron, was born at Lancaster, and the family afterward moved to Lititz, where they joined the Moravian Church, and where she married David Zeisberger, Bernhard Adam Grube performing the ceremony in the stately old church, the day being Whit-Monday. On the 12th of June they set out on horseback for the Indian country in the West. The savages were on the war path that summer, and so great were the dangers after the travelers crossed the mountains that they took refuge in a small settlement near Pittsburgh, eventually arriving at their destination under a guard of soldiers. This perilous wedding trip was a fit perlude to the dangers the bride had to face once established at the mission. While great respect and admiration were felt for

the intrepid missionaries there were those who, under smiling faces were traitors. They were on the frontier between the whites and the Indians and pledged to teach the beauty of peace to the red men, and prevent massacre. With maurading Indians to contend with, it was impossible and great were the perils endured even before the awful tragedy at Gnadenhütten. Previous to the massacres, one night two savages invaded the mission house, pretending to be friendly. Sister Senseman was spending the night with Sister Zeisberger in the absence of their husbands, and of Brother Heckewelder The Indians said a hostile war party was coming, and induced the women to get out of bed and pack up their belongings to flee. The shivering sisters obeyed, but the savages grew tired of playing a part, threw off all disguise, robbed the house destroyed what they could not use, and forced the poor women in their night clothes out into the rain, into a canoe, and down the river. Meanwhile another party had made prisoners of the rest of the mission families, who eventually met each other in the camp of the Indians, and in a few days were marched away a captive band mourning the destruction of their prosperous mission. Permanent camp for the winter was established and great suffering endured. The cold was intense, and starvation set in. "Many a time" wrote Sister Zeisberger "the (convert) Indians shared

their last morsel with me, for many a time I spent eight days in succession, without any food of my own."

With the break up of winter came release and they were conducted to Sandusky by two half breeds, some on horseback, others on foot, with the two babies of the mission, Johanna Maria Heckewelder, one year old, and Christian David Senseman, seven months old, wrapped in blankets. And so they made their escape from that place, never to see it again.

The Christian Indians were devoted to the missionaries and as Sister Zeisberger recorded, did much for the families. When David Zeisberger lay dying great was their grief and sorrow, and they surrounded his widow with sympathy and prayers upon the occasion of his burial. When she left there forever there was great weeping, and I am sure her past perils were far from her heart, as she bid her "brown brethren" farewell.

The home in the Widows' House was a great comfort, so her last years were filled with peace, and when the Heckewelders came nothing more did she desire.

Living in the house with her was Sister Maria Magdalena Loskiel, widow of Bishop Loskiel, who, through her husband, knew all about the work of the Zeisbergers in Ohio, and later at Fairfield, Canada. Bishop Loskiel had made an official visit to these mission stations, and was able

to describe in detail the lives of the women and their splendid efforts to teach Christianity to the heathen. Sister Zeisberger died in 1824 and Sister Loskiel in 1826. They lie very near each other in the old graveyard, with Sister Heckewelder close by, and surrounded by fifty-six converts of the race to which the missionaries gave their life work.

The last years of Sister Zeisberger saw the coming to the Widows' Hall of Sister Margaret Schnall, (m. n. Hastings), widow of the missionary in charge of the Indian mission at Fairfield, Canada. She was of Irish birth and very pretty, and possessed the quick tongue of the land of her birth, together with the sensitive temperament and strong likes and dislikes.

When the Fairfield Mission was destroyed in the war of 1812, not by the English, but by our own victorious American troops who ran pell mell through the little place, the mission buildings were burned to the ground and everything in them was lost. The Schnalls retired to Bethlehem and much sympathy was given to them, but Sister Schnall had suffered one loss which could not be replaced, she talked about it constantly and vindictively; blaming it on the commanding general whenever she opened her mouth; in fact, she never forgave General Harrison for burning up her schnitz! She had lived

there through the hardships of fifteen years, and this was her grievance.

The Schnalls had three daughters, all very pretty girls who afterward married John Levering, John C. Jacobson, and Doctor Bagge, of Salem, North Carolina.

At the other end of the hall from Sister Schnall lived quite a different type of woman, little Eliza Cist. Eliza was not the widow or daughter of a minister, and why she was living in the Widows' House I cannot say, but there she was; and for the matter of fact, she still is, for they say she haunts her old room.

Charles Cist and his family moved to Bethlehem from Philadelphia. He was a Russian, and a "printer more by occupation than trade," his biographer says, very highly educated and of "wiry" motions. He had five daughters, of whom Eliza was one. They were very social, and kept open house in their residence at Broad and New Streets, and Eliza fixed her maiden affections upon a young man who came there. Consternation followed this discovery, as the match was not acceptable to the Church authorities, and so was broken off. Eliza had no backbone whatever, and calmly accepted her fate. Very soon her parents died, and she established herself in the "Widows' House," and occupied the northeast room on the second floor.

Eliza was a little, white faced thing as timid

as a mouse and as fleet. She wore her hair in long ringlets, inside a Quaker bonnet, and always carried a jangling bunch of keys. She was insatiably curious and the minute the front door downstairs banged, would run through the hall her keys jangling and echoing, and peer over the banister to see who it was. Her thin white face in its cavernous bonnet, the drooping ringlets and huge iron keys, made a ghostly apparition for anyone climbing those dimly lit stairs.

She never stayed to talk; but after one good look, heaved a sigh, and flitted down the hall again, sighing all the time. She always sighed, poor thing, and still sighs! She can be heard any stormy night you care to sit in her old room, when she comes on the winds of the storm, and sighs down the chimney! The sighs echo, and re-echo, and finally die away, as the storm picks up Eliza once more and she dirfts away.

So this is the story of the Widows' House Ghost.

Another tale of blighted affection that came to an end in the historic old house, was that of the talented Lydia Benzein, daughter of a distinguished administrator of the Church in Salem, North Carolina. Sister Benzein was born in Salem, but the family returned to Bethlehem at a later date, and she grew up in that town. In the course of time the rigid rules of the Brethren regarding the separation of the sexes, relaxed

somewhat and young people were allowed a small degree of intercourse. Undoubtedly the young folks themselves had something to do with this, to them, revolution, seeing, as they did the constant mingling of men and women amongst the visitors to the village.

Therefore when a young man came to town, there was a chance of his meeting some of the Moravian sisters, although in their parents' homes.

A Yale student happened here after the Benzeins were established, and met Lydia. She was tall and slender, and very pretty, although exceedingly quiet. I daresay he liked timidity, for he fell head over heels in love with her, and she with him. How they ever got a chance to do any courting is more than I can say, probably it was more an idea than a reality, which was all the better in the end. For the Board of Elders heard of the proposed engagement and were horrified, because the young man was not a Moravian. They promptly interfered, through her father, who sent the young man away. The poor fellow went South, and by and by died of consumption in the approved manner of the day when blasted hopes were concerned. Lydia remained a maiden always tall and slender to the last, with cheeks that kept a touch of the old soft pink.

She was a most gifted artist in water colors, painting the most exquisite wreaths and sprays

of flowers on satin or paper mottoes. The little circular pieces of satin or paper cut to fit the back of a watch, and decorated with flowers and a sentimental motto, were very popular gifts, and were decorated by her hand. The work is indescribably dainty, even microscopic. Her nimble fingers also made the hair flowers, in sprays or wreaths, and these, too, were beautifully done. Much of her work, has been handed down in many families of the town, becoming valuable heirlooms.

Sister Lydia occupied the rooms in the Widows' House on the second floor northwest corner, and there her many friends would always find her busy at work but happy to see them. Her manners were very genial and pleasant and her smile very sweet. The old Miksch family on Wall Street were her very good friends, and they were often together.

Still another type of character was Anna Mathilda Greider, m. n. Levering. This old sister only lived in the Widows' House for a few months before her death, for her twenty-six years of widowhood were spent in the Moravian Seminary for young ladies, and what a matron she was! I am sure that every pupil of those twenty-six years remembers Sister Greider. Tall and stately she was very imposing to look upon and with the martial mien she cultivated she was sometimes quite terrifying. Even the tramps were

afraid of her, and gave the back door of the seminary a wide berth during her incumbency. Such energy as she displayed! Her untiring feet were up and down those long halls until it was said that her slippers polished the boards! And her kitchen was a marvel of efficient administration, everything (including the maids) was shining with cleanliness. Woe betide the tradesmen who sent in short weight to her, for Sister Greider always found it out, and then they wished they hadn't. On the other hand, if the order was filled in a way that pleased her, she fed the errand boy, who was usually the young son of one of the Moravian families, with buckwheat cakes which she made herself for breakfast as she said nobody else could make them as well. These cakes were as big as a dinner plate and four was about all even a healthy boy could manage to eat. The last surviving errand boy, now a very old man, has the most delightful recollection of his "piece" from Sister Greider, and also reports her as a very beautiful woman.

Her hair and eyes were very dark, with a clear, fresh skin and very white teeth. She always wore a black silk dress on Sundays with a white kerchief and so arrayed she went to church, which she never missed. For many years she was one of the sacristans, serving at love feast with great regularity.

But the elders broke her heart when they pro-

posed putting in pews. Heretofore the building had only wooden benches but in 1866 they decided to install pews. This shocked the old lady, who was a great lover of things as "they always had been," and she was most indignant. On the morning of the day when the decision was to be made, she was approached again for an expression of opinion, but conservative to the end, she put her arms akimbo, and stamped her foot, as she said "Never! I was born on the benches, and I will die on the benches." But she didn't die on the benches. She died in her bed in the Widows' House, for when her health failed she took a room there. Dominant as ever, she tried to run the Seminary kitchen from her bed, and was anxious to know how they were getting on with canning and preserving in her absence.

Strong and self-reliant to the last, she fell asleep at twilight, after she had laid her spectacles on one side and announced that she would never need them again!

And she didn't. For when she awoke, her vision was clear.

Another sister something of the same type as Sister Greider, was the widow of Dr. Eberhard Freytag, Salome Fetter. She was the third wife of the worthy doctor, and was forty-one years old at the time of her marriage, so there was some excuse for her being set in her ways. Her work in life had been teaching; for twenty years she

taught in Linden Hall and at Salem, ten years in each, and while that was a privilege that gave her a highly trained mind for the times, it also gave her a manner that was most final in a discussion. In fact her own nephews and nieces were afraid of her, after the way of unthinking youth. She really was only stern on the exterior for the true woman was a very spiritual one, as is shown very plainly in her autobiography.

Short and stout, the dominant old lady was a decided personality. She always wore under her cap a black "front"—an artificial hair piece, with a part and the hair severely smoothed down from the part—to conceal her own gray hair, and no one never saw this front out of place. Every hair was always exact. The wearing of this "front" was quite a common custom in the '50's.

The Freytags lived next to the church, in the drug store property and the doctor and his wife were very close companions. She came to know much about medicine, through her keen mentality, reading his books and going with him on his long drives back into the country through the forest roads, when she would gather herbs and simples.

Reading was a great delight to her, all the books and papers of the day were to be found in Sister Freytag's rooms.

When her widowhood came upon her, she took up her old needlework with great energy. She

was a most accomplished needlewoman, her stichery was so fine that it recalled the beautiful work of Rebecca Langley. Never idle for a minute, many lovely things were made by her busy fingers.

When the first company left Bethlehem for the Civil War, they carried a banner embroidered for them by Sister Freytag. The presentation of this banner took place in front of the old Fetter's hotel, down in the ancient part of town, and General W. E. Doster made the presentation speech. He made the references to the old lady just as flowery as he could, speaking of her skill at the advanced age of eighty-three, and giving her as many compliments as he could think of.

Later, when it was all reported to the old lady, she listened without any comment, and a perfectly immovable countenance until the end was reached, and then remarked in a disgusted tone, "Indeed! and so he told how old I am!"

Her two great friends, Caroline Bleck, and Caroline Brown, were seminary teachers, and every Friday after school in the afternoon, they took their crochet work and went to Sister Freytag to stay for supper. The missionary Blue Book was always read aloud on these occasions, and Sister Brown would give them a bit of music. Sister Bleck was a devotee of the art of painting; her water color work is as well-known as that of Lydia Benzein, and of the same style. Also a

Sister Heckewilder

Sister Freytag

very fine historian she made a great success of teaching the world's history.

The Moravians made a great point of moral conduct. "Is it right?" was always the test applied when a matter, weighty or trivial, came up for discussion, and they were very rigid in its application. The Christian virtues were instilled at an early age, and were never supposed to lapse in any way. In fact, the board of elders kept a paternal eye upon the congregation, male and female, and reminded the absent minded one who was guilty of a lapse, in no uncertain terms. They had no patience with vanity, frivolity or even animation because these traits were worldly, and expected every one to adhere closely to the rules laid down for Christian conduct.

Sister Freytag was patterned exactly after this ideal, and invariably read young people a lecture upon their shortcomings in such matters.

As old age came upon her, she secured a young sister for a companion and caretaker. This young woman was of a naturally gay disposition and rather inclined to be impatient, so many were the moral lessons Sister Freytag gave her. Especially did she criticise the fresh young voice which so often replied to her pitched in too high a key. Finding her remarks unheeded, she took advantage of Valentine's Day to administer a lesson in a more attractive way.

On the morning of that day a snow white mis-

sive lay upon the bureau in Sister Amanda's room. Eagerly she opened this unusual letter, and found, a valentine!—But not an amorous one! In the uncertain handwriting of extreme age, there was written a poem entitled "Speak Gently," and her eyes scanned the following words:

Speak gently! It is better far
To rule by Love, than fear—
Speak gently! Let not harsh words mar
The good we might do here.

Speak gently! Love doth whisper low
The love that true hearts bind;
And gently Friendship's accents flow
Affection's voice is kind.

Speak gently to the little child
Its love be sure to gain;
Teach it in accents sweet and mild,
It may not long remain.

Speak gently to the young, for they
Will have enough to bear—
Pass they thru life as best they may
'Tis full of anxious care.

Speak gently to the aged one
Grieve not that care worn heart,
The sands of Life are nearly run
Let such in peace depart!

Speak gently, kindly, to the poor;
Let no harsh tones be heard;
They have enough they must endure
Without an unkind word.

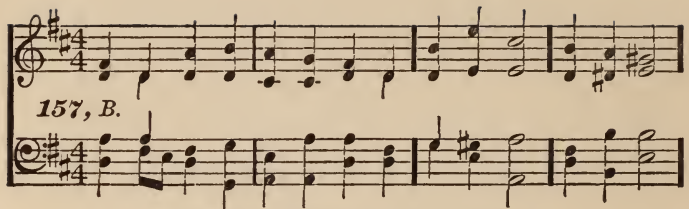
This was effectual. Pleased with the little attention, Amanda carefully amended her manners, studied the little verses and followed their precepts, and, now at the age of eight-six gentleness is her chief characteristic.

One of the best known women of the middle century was Sister Caroline Zorn. Noteworthy in many ways her personality and ability gave her distinction in any assemblage. She had the gift for friendship and attracted people of high and low degree.

The daughter of Henry Siewers, a missionary in the West Indies, she came to Bethlehem with her widowed mother when her father died, and went to live in the Widows' House. She was only a young girl, gay and sprightly, and it was a hard task for her to curb her youthful spirits to the Bethlehem standard of excellence without gaiety. She rather resented being held in check, but with truly Christian obedience she tried to subdue excessive animation. The result was a charming woman, and Jacob Zorn promptly fell in love with her. Perhaps she welcomed a chance to get back to the West Indies, for she married him when she was only twenty-one, and they sailed for Jamaica, where he was in the mission service.

But it was her fate to come back to Bethlehem herself with two children, and go into the Widows' House as her mother had done. Here she devoted herself to painting, for which she had an unusual gift. The little landscapes and flower studies she painted were in great demand, not only amongst the Moravians, but among the people who by this time had settled in the town. The first few homes on Fountain Hill had been built at this period bringing new families with their friends, and quite a different atmosphere. Mrs. Zorn became a great favorite in these gayer circles, for her vivacity never deserted her. Her daughter was married from the little apartment in the Widows' House, married a Moravian minister, Eugene Leibert, and she too, enjoyed much local fame as an artist. These two lived to celebrate their golden wedding, the invitations for which were decorated with an engraving of the Widows' House, the old home of the bride. So if memories of tragic lives cling round the old stone house, it was its romances also. In fact, the history of the Moravian Church is full of romantic stories of bitter persecution and heroic martyrdom, of lives marked by less dramatic but equally difficult patient endurance, and of simple Christian virtues. The halo of all this must of necessity cling round the past, and nowhere is it more fittingly defined than around the Widows' House whose mothers and daughters have always shown the purest missionary zeal.

IX

Christmas Among the Sisters

Hark, a Voice from yonder manger,
Soft and sweet, doth entreat,

IX

Christmas Among the Sisters

THE sisters played a great part in the Christmas preparations of the early days. Their various little business enterprises were of just the nature that people wanted for gifts, and of course the baking of cakes and cookies was more than half the holiday spirit, so that much of the preparatory work, which in itself is pleasure, centered in Church Street.

The first Christmas in Bethlehem is historic, and famous. The second Christmas was celebrated in the chapel of the Gemein House, with a love feast at 11 p. m. on Christmas Eve, lasting until 1 a. m. of Christmas Day. In 1743 the Vigils began at 9 p. m. of Christmas Eve, love feast was served at midnight and the meeting came to a close at 2 a. m. This service is notable for the first use of an orchestra, stringed instruments, flutes and French horns. The Christmas Eve Vigils of 1744, lasted from 11 p. m. to 2 a. m. and it is recorded that the children were present, and gave earnest attention to the entire service. This was the regular program observed for some years, with increasing development of the music.

In 1750, the love feast for the children was held

at 6 p. m., the one for adults at 9:30 p. m. on Christmas Eve.

The year 1751, was somewhat of a celebration because Bethlehem was then ten years old. At the service for adults, several Indians were present, and one of them afterwards remarked, that when he heard the sound of the trumpets, which were used in the liturgy, he felt "as if Jesus were coming in person into the world." The rest of the night was spent by the musicians in singing and playing around the little village, and before the rooms in the choir houses, and especially did they serenade Brother Michael Miksch, who had charge of the cattle and lived near the stables, because Jesus was born in a stable. The next day in a special service for the children two Indian babies were baptized. "In order to thoroughly impress upon the children the helplessness of the Babe Jesus, after the baptism these infants were shown to the children, bench after bench, and the remarks of the children on the succeeding day showed the desired effect had been produced."

These Christmas exercises were held in the building known for so long as the "Old Chapel."

In 1752 for the first time candles were distributed in the children's love feast at 7 p. m. Beautifully written verses were given to the children at a special love feast on the morning of Christmas Day, which they were to learn by heart and

be able to recite on the next Christmas Eve. In 1756 the children handed in verses which they themselves had composed for the occasion. In 1758 some of the children accompanied the hymns on violins. Hereafter the services were much the same, time varying, and with music of special interest on different occasions. The Christmas serenades by the musicians, in different parts of town continued to figure occasionally, but in 1791 there was an interesting record in the old diary, "Those children who had the smallpox had a separate love feast on Christmas Eve at 3 p. m." This dreaded disease was a scourge in the early days, but it was not allowed to interfere with the pleasure of the children. They loved the choir of children, did these Moravians, and as Christmas was preëminently a festival for children, with the Christmas Eve love feast the greatest service of all, none of the little folks were forgotten.

In those days of musical culture in Bethlehem, instruction began with the children, and naturally the Christmas services afforded the best opportunity of the year for their chorus singing. For several weeks beforehand they practiced under the leadership of Brother Christian Frederick Schaaf who lived in Bethlehem until 1819 as deacon of the choir of married people. He was intensely musical and was given charge of the church music in addition to his regular func-

tion. It was he who led the children's singing, standing before them with his violin, marking time with his bow, or singing with them over the more difficult passages.

His small pupils adored him. He was a most lovable old man, of great simplicity, a quality to which children quickly respond.

The boy or girl who could correctly repeat for him, a verse of a hymn, was rewarded by a "mint cake" or a cooky from the capacious pocket, and he was wont to ask these questions at the most unexpected times and places. He went to Salem from Bethlehem, and there he quickly made for himself the same place in the hearts of the people winning the affectionate diminutive of "Pappy" Schaaf for the rest of his life.

Before Pappy Schaaf left for Bethlehem, there came to live in the Sisters' House a young girl, who belonged to the choir of older girls at the time she entered, and who was destined to live there for seventy years. Her name was Nancy Kremser, and she is still remembered by our oldest people. During her lifetime she was so well-known that her name was really a household word. Her work in the Sisters' House was that of sick nurse, this office carrying with it the position of undertaker for the women of the congregation.

When a death occurred Sister Nancy would immediately notify the minister, who, in his turn

notified the leader of the trombone choir and as soon as possible the little band of musicians would be on the steeple to announce the death. In the early days they used the belfry of the Bell House, but after the big church was built, they used its steeple.

When the town was still small, this announcement was all that was needed to convey the sad tidings, for as every one knew who was critically ill, it was simple indeed to know who had "gone home," but if there was any uncertainty the second tune played would dispel it, for that one always denotes the "choir" to which the deceased belongs. Three chorales are played. The first one refers to the departed,

"A pilgrim us preceding,
Departs unto his home,
The final summons heeding
Which soon to all must come.
O joy! the chains to sever
Which burden pilgrims here,
To dwell with Christ forever,
Who to our souls is dear."

This is played to tune 151A, the Passion Chorale, composed in 1621 by Hans Leo Hassler.

The second one is the "choir chorale" and in the case of the single sisters is tune 37A,

"My happy lot is here
The Lamb to follow;

Be my heart's only care
Each step to hallow,
And thus await the time
When Christ, my Saviour,
Will call me home, with Him
To live for ever."

The chorale for the married sisters is tune 79A,

"His plea amid deep sighing,
'Mid bitter tears and crying,
My soul with peace hath blest,
Be this my consolation
When, thanks to his salvation
I enter into lasting rest."

The closing chorale is for the living, being a prayer for help when our end comes and a confession of faith in our salvation through His death,

"Lord when I am departing
Oh, part not Thou from me,
When mortal pangs are darting,
Then call me home to Thee!
Thy death's atoning merit
From death hath set me free;
Thus saved I shall inherit
Eternal life in Thee."

Of course the other choirs of the congregation have their announcements, also, but these, with Tune 82D, "Jesus Makes My Heart Rejoice" for little girls, and Tune 149A, "Lift Thy Heart, Oh

The trombone choir on the steeple

weary Soul" for the widows were for the feminine half of it.

But there would be intervals when her services as nurse would not be required, and then Sister Nancy kept busy by making the famous Moravian hats and baskets.

This was a well-known enterprise. A room was set aside for their manufacture, and large quantities were shipped to the West Indies. They were plaited by hand, patiently and carefully, and while the hats are of course worn out long ago, many of the baskets still survive, and are in constant use. Bread was set to rise in these baskets, shaped like a shallow bowl, and in the Moravian settlement of Schoeneck, near Nazareth, they are still used for that purpose. It is said that rye bread is especially good made in them.

This business in which Sister Nancy helped, when all was well in the community, was an important one, but her fame does not rest upon it, far from it; and once more we come back to the children, for it is they who have immortalized Sister Nancy, and her Christmas cakes, and "blackies."

Boys and girls of three generations have sung her praises and eaten her goodies, and the little heart-shaped Christmas cakes filled with raisins and spices were such luscious dainties that they became part of the Bethlehem Christmas celebra-

tion. All through the Advent season their spicy odors stole temptingly forth from Sister Nancy's windows, tantalizing the children who haunted the neighborhood and begged to run her errands. By and by the elders began to haul in the Christmas greens from the woods, and the aromatic balsam fir gave forth its fragrance to mingle with the aggravating scents from the Sisters' House until the memory of those Christmas days is a mosaic of smiling sisters making wonderful things, of sturdy brethren dragging evergreen trees and mosses, and of locked doors behind which wonderful "putzes" were growing. Of beeswax candles shining radiantly in the dimly lit church and sending up their faint trails of smoke like incense! Of a green garlanded choir gallery facing a large picture of the Holy Family, and the sweet melody of "Morning Star"!

All of these blissful things culminated for the children when they set their teeth in Sister Nancy's marzipan hearts, and to Bethlehem's "old folks," the children of that day, the Christmas star casts a heart-shaped shadow.

These cakes were also sent as gifts, and were so much appreciated, that when Sister Nancy's obituary was written, the cakes were spoken of as having been made from a recipe obtained in Europe in the Eighteenth Century, and her relatives were congratulated upon having such a valuable thing pass into their hands.

Sister Kremser was carefully nursed during her last illness, by her two nieces, Sister Rose and Sister Walters, who also lived in the Sisters' House. She fell asleep on the morning of her eighty-third birthday.

The "putz" is so distinctive of a Moravian Christmas that it merits a special word. It was, and is, an elaborate miniature landscape built under and around the Christmas tree, and telling the Christmas story, from the appearance of the angelic choir to the shepherds where they were tending their sheep, to the manger with its Holy Family, and the Adoration of the Magi! This was brilliantly lighted with the beeswax candles in tin holders, and was in practically every home in little Bethlehem, in greater or lesser degree. Much ingenuity was shown and beautiful effects obtained. The modern putz is the same thing, greatly elaborated with electric lighting effects, painted backgrounds and even victrolas hidden under the moss and playing the Christmas songs. Famous putzes of that day were those of John Krause, John Christian Weber, Philip Boehler, Francis Erwin, and H. B. Luckenbach.

Every one was glad to show the results of their labor, so "putz parties" became popular. They called it "going to see the putzes" and probably this first brought the boys and girls together. Before the town "opened up" in 1844, the sexes did not mingle at all in this way, but after that

the bars were let down somewhat, and although very strict rules were made the boys did go out with the girls. They would help drive the cows home, and on Sunday go to see the wax works together, and walk down Bartow's path along the canal, for wild flowers. But the putzes provided the entering wedge.

One of the chief decorations of the putz, was the shepherd scene, and plenty of white sheep were always placed upon the green moss, on a miniature hillside or in a tiny meadow. These sheep were also made in the Sisters' House, by one Benigna Ettwein, familarly known as Benel. Kindly, big-hearted Benel, whose fate it is to bring a laugh whenever her name is mentioned! But a laugh may be a very eloquent epitaph and so it is for her. Benel's sheep were wonderful to behold! They were shaped out of clay, then cotton was wrapped around them, four matches were stuck in to represent legs, and a splash of Chinese vermillion was daubed on the end where the nose belonged. She also made chickens out of tow and glued real chickens feathers on them, and both chickens and sheep appeared on the putzes of her friends.

These toys were not the only things she made. She was far more deft in making fancy boxes, used as work boxes or candy boxes. These she covered with fine colored paper, or silk; occasionally a tiny mirror would be set into the lid, or a pin-

cushion glued on top of the lid. She made constant uses of hand painted medallions, containing bouquets of flowers, and pasted these on as a finishing touch. Sister Benzein usually painted them for her. Some of these boxes when used for her peppermints, for Sister Benel's chief claim upon posterity is that she was the first one to make the mint cakes, the famous Moravian mint cakes, for sale!

But these were only side issues. Benel's real business was mending. She was the town-mender, and went from house to house with her bag and scissors. A day a week with each of her friends, for they were all friends, and were very dear to her. This peripatetic life gave her a great opportunity to indulge her love for gossip. The little newspaper of the town, just then established and called *"die Biene"* (the Bee) was promptly dubbed Die Benel, because it was only a repetition, of Sister Ettwein's conversation. But her funny mistakes were not there, her queer distortions of speech!

Benel lived at a time when German was passing away as the language of the town and English was considered much more aristocratic. She longed to use it, but had not studied it, so could only literally translate German into English with very funny results; as, *Blut-freundschaft,* which she translated bloody relations! (It means "related by blood ties.") Numberless

stories of this kind are told about her. One of Benel's great diversions was funerals! She never missed one, and spoke of the comparative merits with great unction, dwelling upon the details for years.

J. Fred Wolle (the first) was a great friend of Sister Ettwein's. She went to the Wolle home once a week to darn and mend. He was a great tease, and she always looked forward to her day there, because of the joking which she thoroughly enjoyed. Brother Wolle was very fond of sour cream dressing on his lettuce, and Benel saved all she got and carried it to him on her day there, a gift to which he looked forward with much eagerness he told her.

She gave her last service to him, because it was on her way to his home one morning that she was stricken with paralysis and died soon after.

Benel's little fancy boxes were very popular as Christmas presents, for holiday gifts in those days were very simple and carried the real spirit of the season to the recipient instead of the intrinsic value of the article. They were nearly all home made; mittens, pulse-warmers, crotcheted tidies, the mottoes and bookmarkers, and Christmas cakes and puddings. Occasionally gifts of money placed in a fancy envelope, elaborately printed in a gold and silver design, or with tinted scrolls, would be given, but when this was done the amount was a small one. Gifts were a sec-

ondary consideration, merely an agreeable adjunct to the great Church Festival of Christmas.

Living in the Heckewelder house on Cedar Street at this time was Squire Jacob Wolle, Justice of the Peace, and a botanist of great skill, whose daughter Augusta had a magnificent soprano voice, and sang in the church choir. At Christmas time, with all the beautiful music then given, she was in her element and her exquisite singing of *Stille Nacht* (Holy Night) is still spoken of with great pride. Her voice was not her only talent, for she played harp, guitar and piano equally well, and did painting in water colors.

Augusta married Brother Holland, and with him left Bethlehem to take up the educational work of the Moravian schools.

The occasion of her marriage was long remembered in Bethlehem. The serenades which were so popular in the last century were still more so in this one, and a group of the musicians calling themselves "the serenaders" never missed an occasion to go out, even serenading summer visitors at the hotels, when no other cause presented itself.

Therefore a wedding, and the wedding of such a popular and talented young woman, was an opportunity which they loved, and prepared for this one for days.

The wedding day arrived, and with it a storm.

The rain came down in sheets, and the poor musicians came up the little street with bedraggled hopes, for no one could possibly stand outside a house and serenade in that downpour. They went into the home of Brother Matthew Crist for refuge, and there the great idea came to them. They would serenade at any rate from the comfort of this shelter! So they opened all the windows, "snuffed" with Brother C. F. Beckel from his silver snuff box, a stately courtesy never overlooked, and tuned up. And across the way, between the blasts of the wind and the pelting of the rain, the bride caught snatches of her wedding serenade.

This group of ardent musicians consisted of the brethren C. F. Beckel, Matthew Crist, Jedediah Weiss, Ernest Bleck, and Ernest Lehman, the latter played the French horn.

Another soprano singer of a later date, whose beautiful voice gave much joy was Mrs. Phoebe Brown, who was the first to sing "Morning Star" at the Christmas Eve love feast, accompanied in the refrain by the children.

New Year's Eve brought a pleasant diversion in the shape of a little party "between services"; the early one of 7 p. m. at which was read the memorabilia, a record of the important events of the year, and the later "watch service" at 11:30. Families and friends would meet to chat, the men to smoke and the women to knit, and cakes and

coffee were served. The guests were expected to indulge freely in coffee in order to keep awake for the watch service. Little rolls of paper, neatly tied with dainty ribbon, were handed around. Upon being opened they were found to contain beautifully inscribed Scriptural texts to be the guide for the coming year of the person who drew them. Many of these little gatherings were in the Gemein House as that was the Congregation House, and therefore married people had rooms in it. The New Year's Eve gathering in the rooms of Sister Matthew Eggert was a happy party of three generations; a big family devoted to each other.

Sister Eggert was the daughter of an old Revolutionary soldier, Adam Rupert, one of the Fifth Pennsylvania line under Colonel Hubley. Born in Lancaster, she later lived in the Sisters' House in Lititz, in which town she met and married Matthew Eggert, warden of the Brethrens' House.

After the marriage they moved to Bethlehem, where Matthew established the fulling mill on Water Street, near the old tannery and grist mill. She was a very pretty woman with dark eyes which have come down to her great-grandchildren. Both she and her husband were very active in the work of the church serving as head-sacristans for years. It was the sacristans who served the love feast to the congregation, the

women carrying in the buns in large flat baskets, followed by the men bearing the mahogany trays holding the mugs of coffee. This was done during the singing of an elaborate piece of music by the choir.

The coffee was boiled in a huge copper kettle in the basement kitchen of the church, and it was the duty of Sister Eggert to oversee the preparation of it. Old Mommy Kremser made it for years and years, jealously guarding her privilege of doing so and becoming expert in the preparation of the fragrant coffee which men, women and children drank constantly. This old lady, who was the daughter of Henry Beck, a Moravian minister in Philadelphia, lived to be eighty-nine years old, and was the mother of "Nancy" Kremser.

SISTER MATTHEW EGGERT.

The love feast cakes of that day were shaped like those served in these days, but had brown sugar and butter sprinkled over the top and

browned in a hot oven until slightly candied. On the festival days of the single brethren and single sisters, the cakes were the "sugar bretzels" made very large and sugary; needless to say these love feasts were always well attended.

Another duty of Sister Eggert as head sacristan, was the preparation of the water for baptism, and the care of the handwrought copper vessels used for that ceremony.

Like the good housekeepers they were in those days, the female sacristans looked after the cleaning of the church, a matter which Sister Eggert personally superintended, in fact, she was really the first janitor, and commandeered many in the neighborhood to help her at different times. She was very particular that each bench be pushed aside, the sweeping properly done underneath, and the bench replaced in exact rows.

Her daughter Pauline married Lewis Doster, and was the mother of a large family. It was Sister Eggert's great happiness to go to her daughter's home every day and keep the stockings darned and clothing in order for the many children. On these trips she always carried a basket, holding her door key, her snuff box, and the two handkerchiefs for the ceremony of snuffing.

At night she would return to her own rooms, accompanied by a granddaughter who carried a

swinging lantern to show the holes in the uneven road.

For twenty-three years she was a widow, living, not in the Widows' House, but in the pleasant sunny rooms in the southwest corner of the Gemein House, now known as the mission rooms. It was here that she gathered her big family around her on New Year's Eve, and gave them to eat of her delicious sugar cake, which has never been equalled since then, her loyal grandsons say. Ordinarily sugar cake depends upon a plentiful supply of sugar and butter for its success, but Sister Eggert gave it the delicious flavor of rose water in addition.

But the single sisters had their little parties, too, and Sister Sally Horsefield, a member of a prominent family in Bethlehem, loved to entertain "her folks." Sister Sally was a very talented woman, charming in every way. She was the granddaughter of old Stephen Benezet of Philadelphia, a Hugenot of fortune who sought refuge in this country. Well-born, he possessed some fine family plate, which he buried in his cellar during the occupation of Philadelphia by the British, throwing some old stove plates over it for additional protection. It was not discovered, and upon his death, it was divided among his heirs, his daughter Elizabeth, who married Joseph Horsefield of Bethlehem receiving her share. In this way, Sister Sally Horsefield had some

beautiful family pieces, and she used them constantly not only on high days and holidays. Her family furniture was in use, solid old pieces of mahogany, and she also had a piano, for she was a fine musician. Her knowledge of Moravian hymns was remarkable even for that time, and she frequently sang them for her visitors. So music doubtless played its part in Sister Sally's holiday gatherings.

Someone at that time had set Longfellow's "Hymn to the Moravian Nuns at Bethlehem" to music, and Sister Sally possessed this music, playing it often. It was one of the things she loved to sing for her friends, and it is a great pity that the music has been lost. The poem, lovely as it is, is incorrect, because of the wrong conception of the Moravian Sisterhood, as it never was a nunnery in name or practice.

At that time there grew in the Sisters' House flower garden, back of the house, not in the orchard on the Sisters' Hill, a Christmas apple tree, bearing in great profusion the little lemon colored apples with scarlet splashes on their cheeks. This was the only one in the village, and its fruit was one of the joys of the Bethlehem Christmas. Sister Sally was the deaconess of the sisters, and attended to the distribution of the dainty little apples. Undoubtedly we can picture one of her ancestral silver bowls on her center table, piled high with spicy brown Christmas cakes and the

tiny gay apples polished until they reflected the light.

In her bedroom she had a large lemon tree growing in a tub, and on account of it had no rug on the floor, saying "we must give way to the fruits and the flowers." Her flower bed was in front of the house running from the sundial door to the eastern door, and in it Sister Sally had beautiful roses and tiger lilies, stately and gorgeous in the sunlight.

The children called her the Candy Lady, because she made little colored candies, and would give them to the children, whom she loved. The little children were often to be found in her rooms, for she was easy of access living in the southeast corner, first floor, and here she would feed them candy and tell them stories.

In appearance Sister Sally was tall and thin, with a pleasant face of the brunette type. She always wore the ruffled lace cap which succeeded the plain little white cap called the "Schneppelhaube." Some of the Nazareth sisters objected to wearing this and desired to use the one called the English cap, a hybrid affair, with a ruffle around the face. So they quietly made up their minds to do so, and notified the church fathers to that effect! What could the poor men do? "When a woman will she will, and there's an end on't," even for a Board of Elders. This larger affair came slowly into use, with its ruffle of vary-

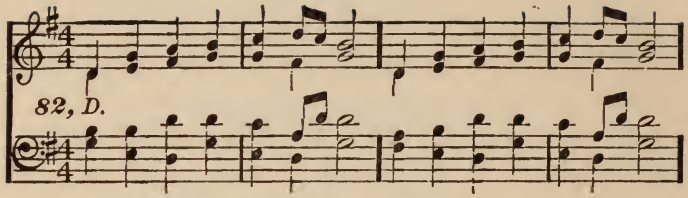
ing size according to individual liking; but it lacked entirely the poetry and charm of the first

THE EAST GABLE OF THE SISTERS' HOUSE.

cap, with its neat uniformity and chaste whiteness, and so the Moravian sisters voluntarily gave up their most distinctive characteristic.

X

The Sisters of '61



Jesus makes my heart rejoice,
I'm His sheep, and know His voice;

X

The Sisters of '61

"IN '61 the men sprang to arms and the women to the needle" was as true in Bethlehem as everywhere else in the Union. Bethlehem has passed through all of the wars of the United states, and directly or indirectly been connected with them, and Moravian sisters have ever responded loyally to the need of their country.

Just as the State of Pennsylvania has its Committee of Public Safety to-day, so, in the time of the Revolution it had its "Council of Safety" with John Cadwalder as chairman.

The minutes of their meeting on May 1, 1776, record "that the Sisterhood of Bethlehem having presented this board with a quantity of linen rags, for the benefit of such as may be wounded in the service of their country, Resolved, that this instance of their humanity be thankfully acknowledged."

The Civil War did not threaten Bethlehem as did the Revolution, but when Sumter's guns echoed through the States the local militia telegraphed an instant offer of service to the Governor of Pennsylvania, and was one of the first companies out.

Coincident with this deed of the men was the action of Sister Frederica Hueffel, Deaconess of the Single Sisters, in forming a society among the sisters to aid the soldiers. On the twenty-third of October, 1861, they organized as the Soldiers' Relief Association, with a sum in their treasury that had been collected by a visiting committee.

By January of 1862 their busy fingers had completed and sent to Harrisburg three hundred pairs of socks, and later accounts show the purchase of hospital materials made up into shirts, etc., by these industrious women who meanwhile did their own cooking and raised their children.

November 7, 1865, they changed their name to "Ladies' Freedmen's Aid Society of Bethlehem," working for the emancipated negroes, and after a few years of work for this cause they took up the Home Mission work of the Church under the name of the Ladies' Sewing Society, in which form it exists to-day.

A few of the sisters who helped Sister Hueffel and therefore may be called "charter members" of the society, were Mrs. H. A. Schutz (m.n. Wolle), Mrs. Robert de Schweinitz, Mrs. Eugene Freauff, Mrs. Morris Jones, and Mrs. John Schropp. This latter designation sounds so cold and formal that I will immediately give you the name by which she was best known and loved, "Grandmother Schropp."

It was at this time they began making the Moravian rag dolls which have brought joy to so many children, and this has become as much of a business in these modern days as the hats or baskets or embroidery were in the old days. It is certainly a gratification to feel that the sisters of to-day are keeping up the traditions of industry which have been handed down to them by the old sisters.

The first dolls were not so very different from those of to-day, except for their hair which was rather weird, a piece of black silk or cloth was smoothly fitted over the back of the head to represent hair, and then the cap was put on.

The faces were painted by that popular and talented artist, Reuben Luckenbach, each sister in the society had a special part of the doll to make, and all were finally sewn together.

The garments were an exact reproduction of the little girls' dress of that day even to the pantelettes, and the plaid gingham gown was covered with a white apron, the inevitably finish to a child's costume.

The dolls were first sold in 1872, the records of the society show the sale of a doll in January of that year. The society also made undergarments, and men's shirts to order, nightcaps and the well-known black sun bonnets, which were worn by so many of the old sisters when at work.

Sister Hueffel was a woman known throughout

the entire Church, in Germany, England and the United States. Born in Saxony, the daughter of that splendid man Bishop Christian Hueffel, she grew up in the midst of unusual advantages, and in later years she often referred with the deepest gratitude to the Christian training received from her parents. Born in 1800 her childhood was cast amid years when disaster upon disaster swept over Germany. But the perplexities and troubles, and the straitened circumstances served to develop the spirit even of the child.

She often told stories of the time when a division of the French army lay encamped in the neighborhood of Barby, and when the castle where her parents lived became the headquarters of the commanding general and his staff. "God had so graciously disposed these men toward them" she was wont to say, "that the family often severely pressed to secure the necessaries of life, enjoyed an immunity in other respects, with which none around them were favored." Several of the French Marshals, Bernadotte, Berthier, and Soult among others, showed great kindness and were well-remembered by her. Naturally these famous men made a deep impression on the child, and that her memories were happy ones is much to their credit.

In 1818 her father received a call to America, and the family arrived in Bethlehem just before Christmas. Frederica took up teaching in the

Sister Frederika Heuffil

Sister Mary Connolly

seminary, and remained there until 1826 when she removed to Lititz, to become the Deaconess of the Sisters' House there. In 1837 she took up the same work in Salem, and remained there fifteen years. At the end of that time she resigned, and came to Bethlehem on account of failing health. The climate in the North was helpful, and when she recovered she again took up the burden of her work as Deaconess of the Bethlehem sisters. She was also at the head of the Bible class for women, and during the week on Thursday evenings, gathered around her a group of the young girls. They read aloud Emily Judsons' Travels in India, and ended the evening with a prayer and hymn.

A most estimable woman, liberal and yet conservative, firm and energetic she had an intelligence that was masculine in its strength. She also had a temper,—and this was her cross.

Sister Hueffel had a very fine presence. Tall and majestic she was always well-dressed but, really, she was very homely, in fact, it seemed almost impossible that so much inner grace could have such a hard exterior. She had heavy hairy eyebrows, and a moustache, and in addition, big, yellow teeth, but fortunately, seemed quite unaware of these drawbacks. Vanity was a dreadful sin, at any rate, and any evidence of it was quickly trampled out; which made life much easier for the homely woman.

Perhaps it was Sister Hueffel's disfigurements which made her the object of much teasing by a group of single brethren who were very fond of horse play, and still so near boyhood's days that they considered their horse play smart. Led by Richard Miksch, this crowd of young men had lots of fun in the village.

Sister Hueffel loved peace and quiet, and when these young men discovered that, they set off a small cannon underneath her window whenever they got a chance, and never missed their cannonade on her birthday. It annoyed and irritated her very much, and she made up her mind, one day, to celebrate her next birthday in the seclusion of Nazareth. The young men heard of her plans and made theirs accordingly. The very stage which carried Sister Hueffel to Nazareth, carried their cannon, secreted under the seat she sat upon.

Arrived in Nazareth, she retired to enjoy a long night of undisturbed slumber, but in the wee, small hours she was aroused by the familiar cannonade beneath her windows! Angry, and yet mystified, she went to the window, but nothing was visible. The darkness of night covered the sinners; who had followed by wagon, and carried out their schemes. Sister Hueffel never discovered their identity, which was lucky for them, as she was a power in the church, and could easily have set the machinery of wrath in motion.

This, with other like performances, was characteristic of much that went on in village life.

In the same hall with Sister Hueffel lived a sister who enjoyed no small degree of fame in her time, Polly Heckewelder, the only unmarried daughter of John Heckewelder, who moved into the Sisters' House upon the death of her father. Here she literally held court unto the end of her days.

Born at the Indian Mission station in Ohio, she was the second white child born in the state, which was quite a distinction in those days. Connected with the prestige of her father this singled her out for attention and many were the visits she received from noted men and women of her day, who had heard of the Heckewelder family. By profession a teacher, she was obliged to give it up on account of increasing deafness, and as this affliction rapidly became worse she provided herself with a slate by means of which she carried on communication with people. She always said that the last sound she heard was that of the trombones announcing a death from the belfry.

She loved the memories of the life amongst the Indians, and read every thing that came to hand connected with the Indians.

An Indian "show" came to Bethlehem during her old age, and the troupe put up at the Sun Inn of which James Leibert, that fine old gentleman was then host. He went down to the Sisters'

House and asked Polly to come up to the Inn and see the Indians, and have dinner with them. With great delight she accompanied him, and spent a happy hour with the red men. This gave her much to talk about for days and days. She was a handsome old lady, with a beautiful pink and white skin of which she took great care, never going out without a green veil arranged over her bonnet to protect her skin from the sun. Indoors she wore the cap with a huge frill that succeeded the old Schneppel-haube, and a white kerchief. A large oil painting of her in this costume is hanging in the Bethlehem Archives, presented by one of her relatives. The name Heckewelder has died out, although there are many descendants of her two married sisters living in Bethlehem, New York and Philadelphia.

Antedating Polly Heckewelder in the Sisters' House was that lovable woman Sister Polly Blum but she survived Polly Heckewelder by seven years.

Mary Catharine was her baptismal name. Born at Hope, New Jersey, she came to Bethlehem to school, remained to teach and taught for thirty-two years then retired and lived in the Sisters' House until her death at the age of ninety. She was a relative of Jedediah Weiss, the famous old basso about whom so many lovable stories are told, and aunt and great aunt to so many young

The Sisters' Pump

people that she became "Aunt Polly" to everybody.

As a young woman she was very pretty and full of the joy of life. The older girls were her charge, and they adored her, for she knew what to see, and what not to see! Not that the girls were wild,—but they were young, and held in check as youth was under that early Moravian regimé, it was a great privilege for them to live under the rule of a sympathetic sister.

It was the duty of the older girls to keep the various water buckets in the Sisters' House filled, drawing the water at the old pump on the green. This was done twice a day, two girls taking the duty each day, and occasionally it was a source of great fun for them. They carefully made their plans, and when the time came sedately walked out of the house with their buckets on their arms, started for the pump, and arranged the buckets in a row. Then *one girl* busily pumped, while the other made a breathless dash for liberty! In other words, for a race around the house and back to the pump again through the Bell House, and to do this without being discovered by any female Paul Pry in the Sisters' House. Arrived safely at the pump again, the other girl tried her luck in the race. This was quite a dare-devil exploit, and was accomplished with so much fearful delight that the memory of it lingered in the mind of an old sister of seventy, Angelica Leh-

man, who told it to her granddaughters, as, in her old age, she once more lived within sight of the pump.

The older boys kept the wood boxes of the sisters filled with kindling, and carried the wood into the house in heavy burlap bags holding enough to fill one of the big boxes in the hall. The prospective owner was sure to examine the bag to see if it was well-filled, if it lacked a few sticks the boy was docked a penny, for the sisters drove good bargains.

Sister Polly was frequently asked why she had never married, and she invariably replied, in a pithy phrase, that she never could stand seeing the same face day after day and year after year! So she dedicated her life to "her girls" teaching them the various branches necessary for an education in that day, through the week, and rounding out their cultural advantages by Sabbath Day instruction in Sunday School. The children and older girls and boys attended church in a body, then, under charge of a teacher, and Sister Polly always took her beloved girls. They met in the room in the Sisters' House known as the older girls' room, just across the hall from Sister Polly's own room.

As Polly grew older she, too became deaf, and like many deaf people, could no longer control the volume of her voice. So in church, when she

desired to whisper, she would talk out loud, quite loud, and say some very funny things.

It was impossible to stop her, so people had to put up with it, though it certainly imparted a touch of levity that was quite incongruous.

Aunt Polly was a tiny woman and grew awfully much wrinkled in her old age. She wore one of the "black fronts" to hide her own gray hair, and a white ruffled cap. Her handwriting was exquisite, as clear cut as a steel engraving.

Contemporary with Sister Polly, but a contrast in every way, in fact, one of the characters of the place, was Rosel Peisert. Cross and masculine, with a real moustache, Rosel was anything but lovely. She was scrub-woman to the Sisters' House, and besides this labor, roasted coffee for people. The school boys pestered her out of her wits with their endless teasing. They never missed an opportunity to pull the bell rope and Rosel would descend upon them in fury shaking her head so violently that the ruffle on her cap fluttered and bobbed. She stuttered, and so her anger was hard to express, which made it all the funnier for the children when they were safely out of her reach. But the laugh was on the other side when she managed to catch one of them, for Rosel wore slippers, and did not hesitate to use them in a way that did much good.

But it wasn't only the little boys who teased her! Trust that crowd of young brethren to

which Richard Miksch belonged to see a chance for what they called fun! Nobody was safe from them, except, perhaps the Board of Elders.

One night Rosel was going home through the graveyard. It was very dark and she carried her lighted lantern. Richard Miksch was also on his way home through the graveyard, and when he saw Rosel he promptly said, " Good evening Rosel, give me a light for my cigar."

Rosel obligingly opened her lantern to give the desired light and he quickly blew it out! Laugh? How he did laugh. Rosel was furious for she had to go down the hill in the dark, and she talked aloud all the way, calling him names far from pretty, snatches of which came back to him in the quiet evening. Her life was a long and a useful one, quite typical of the generation in which she was born, for she gave her service ungrudgingly and without question, secure in the knowledge that "the Lord will provide."

A niece of Rosel was Sister Maria Schultz, and if ever two relatives were absolutely and totally unlike it was these women. Maria was ideally beautiful. Soft brown hair, worn simply parted and drawn down over the ears, large brown eyes, classic features, a marvelous skin, with a tall, well-rounded figure, set off by the plain dress of the Moravians, which was an added distinction in this case. And the beauty of face and form was only the outward sign of the grace of heart

within. The charming expression at once attracted the stranger who soon found it a reflection of the lovable, qualities of her nature. Her voice was gentle and soft, and her sympathy ever ready.

Sister Maria gave the best years of her life to nursing, taking the position of sick nurse in the seminary, where she made hosts of friends for all the girls adored her.

A woman as beautiful as Maria was sure to have her romance, and she was no exception. A young doctor from Philadelphia was visiting in Bethlehem and naturally fell head over ears in love with the beautiful girl. It is quite certain that Maria returned his love, but—nothing happened. He went away, and like Liesel Beckel of a hundred years before, Maria devoted herself to nursing the sick, but of love there was nothing more. There seemed to be perfectly friendly feeling about the matter, for the young man's name Theodore, was bestowed in baptism upon her nephew, but of the lover himself she said nothing. A secret in those days was well kept, and therefore a little mystery grew up around her which was never cleared away, and Maria took her romance to her grave unsullied by the tongue of gossip.

One of the veteran music teachers of the town, a sister of Mrs. Charles F. Beckel, and a very dignified and precise woman was Sister Caroline

Brown. For fifty-four years she was a teacher of the piano and voice, in the seminary, at first in the school, and later the pupils came to her room in the Sisters' House for their instruction. A good lesson meant a reward of "honey cakes" from Sister Caroline's glass jar, which she kept well-filled for hungry girls and boys, and a special reward was one of the delicious filled doughnuts which she often made.

Sister Brown was a staunch upholder of the old school music consistently teaching only the best. Dance music was not allowed in Bethlehem, the nearest thing to it being the stately minuet, and it is quite certain that Sister Brown's pupils could not hoodwink her as was done on one occasion in the Brethren's House.

The story goes that the Deacon of the Brethren's House heard practicing going on, with a suspiciously lively tempo. He immediately looked into the matter, and was shown, with a virtuous air, the title of "minuet." This satisfied him and he went away. In reality it was dance music that had been secured elsewhere, because the young brethren were eager for something new, and they continued their practice of it. Not until 1850 was dance music openly played in Bethlehem, and then it was made possible by the summer people at the hotels who wanted their hops, for by this time Bethlehem had become a summer resort, the city dwellers

finding its hills and dales, the placid river and beautiful islands, most charming. The old Quaker families of Philadelphia were especially fond of Bethlehem, as they had much in common with the people.

The Moravians were a bit exclusive, however, old habits were hard to shake off; nevertheless there were certain families who made welcome the strangers in their midst, especially those who entered through the portals of the church.

One of the new families to join the church at this time was the Morris Jones family, of Welsh birth, who settled in the little Schultz cottage near old Squire Horsefield's house on Market Street.

Dr. Jones was lame, but he got around in a remarkably lively way on crutches. "Fritz" Wolle, and he were great friends, and he spent hours in the Wolle store at Main and Market Streets, driven from home, alas, by the sharp tongue of Mrs. Jones who was a reincarnation of Xantippe!

Miss Connolly a great friend of the Jones family, was one of Bethlehem's best loved old ladies. Born in Philadelphia in 1792, she came to Bethlehem in 1813, to visit her friend Ann Jones, and loved the quiet village so much that she remained for the rest of her life. She lived in the "cottage" at the corner of Cedar and Market Streets for many years, an old plaster house brought over from the Indian village of Nain, set back a bit

from the street with a small fenced in garden in front. Lillies of the valley grew in great profusion in the small enclosure, so her friends in the spring of the year walked through dainty grace and fragrance to mount her high stoop.

Miss Connolly was a great lover of books, and all that was good in life, and her friendship was a rare treat therefor. A true Christian, she was a faithful member of the Moravian Church and worker in missionary causes.

Across the little street from Miss Connolly's cottage was the Matthew Krause homestead. Sister Krause was an Eggert, and a great friend of hers was Anna Steip who spent many a happy hour in the Krause home.

Sister Steip was descended from pioneer Moravians who settled in Philadelphia and became identified with Bethlehem life after the marriage of Sister Anna's mother to Samuel Steip.

For many years Sister Steip lived across the hall from Polly Blum in the corner room once known as the *"grosser Madchen stube,"* or older girls' room.

Well educated and with a lovable disposition she was always welcome in her friends' homes and she did a great deal of visiting. She was constantly on the go, seeing certain ones like "Muna" Lehman daily, also Caroline Bleck, the Krauses and the Schropp family, who were related; in

fact, her friendships were the crowning glory of her life.

Her black costume, full skirt and plain waist, with a black lace cap and lavender strings, was a familiar sight to old and young, for its sombreness did not frighten away the little folks. They loved her for her pleasantry and happiness.

Her old age was fresh and vigorous and it was a stroke at last that laid her low. She was apparently near her end and her speech had become unintelligible, but she was evidently greatly troubled by something which she tried to communicate. They could not understand and her anxiety became so great that she struggled to utter desire. They finally caught the name "Carrie" and immediately sent for a cousin of that name, who came with fear and trembling that she would be unable to understand and so relieve the burdened mind of the old lady.

But she *did* understand; and this was the confession coming almost out of the grave,—"I owe Pappy Yost four cents."

Conscientious, and strictly honest to the last!

These old ladies dealt in pennies, and Pappy Yost's little box of a store quite near, did a thriving business on the copper basis. Everything imaginable was to be had in this tiny shop, once an old cow stable and every thing was doled out in penny sales if desired. Needles, pins, thread, all groceries, butter and eggs, dried beef of the best

quality, cut in thinner slices than any one else has cut it before or since. Slicing this dried beef was Pappy Yost's great pride, it fell under his knife like tissue paper. The old man always ate a piece while he cut it in a very deliberate manner, his jaws keeping time with his knife, giving the effect of chewing a cud like the original inhabitants of his store, the cows. Probably this was because he had no teeth; and perhaps his boil had something to do with it, for there was a chronic purple boil about as big as a chestnut on one lip. This he caressed with his tongue, or with his good lip, constantly, and it was an object of fearful fascination to all beholders. United with a game leg, all of these afflictions made the old storekeeper a law unto himself, and he ran his little business in his own way, which the sisters understood perfectly. He in his turn, had a thorough knowledge of their domestic economy of coppers and nickles, and they got along amazingly well.

At the other end of the hall from Sister Steip, just where the three little steps go down to the old room of the deaconess, was Mary Ann Riedeman, whose name recalls a host of associations. She was a fine product of that old Moravian custom of taking orphans, or other children, into a private family, and raising them as one of the family.

Mary Ann was orphaned at a very early age,

and Mrs. Lewis David de Schweinitz, took her in, gave her the Moravian education of the day and taught her housekeeping. She was of great help to the de Schweinitz and Goepp families, developing into a capable woman who was ready to take hold of things in trouble or sickness. Every man, woman or child who needed help called upon Mary Ann Riedeman for it and was never disappointed. She was a complete charity organization in herself, never tiring in doing good. "She had the best heart and the sweetest face" is the way she was recently spoken of, by one, who as a little girl, frequently visited her.

Occasionally this little girl crawled under Mary Ann's sofa, from fright. This was when the door opened, and the cross face of Peggy Fulton peeped in, and demanded to know who was visiting Mary Ann! For Peggy was as curious as she was cross. Very few pleasant words ever passed her lips, she was so crusty that nothing was ever right; but even she loved Miss Riedeman although she would not control her ill-humor even for Mary Ann. Peggy never did anything like anybody else, and so she made Saturday her wash day, and her wash line would be ornamented with red flannel underclothing when people passed that way to church, for there were occasional Saturday afternoon love feasts, or Saturday evening services.

This annoyed the pastor very much, it was un-

seemly, indecorous, and so he informed her. Bad tempered Peggy was as curt in her replies as she dared be to a minister, and gave him no satisfaction at the time, or obedience later; for the red flannels continued to wave defiantly on the Saturday breezes.

Peggy was rather nice looking, really, but disdained all vanity, and hid her face, usually, in the depths of a black sunbonnet. She was seldom seen without it, and as she walked quietly, in fact, really sneaked along in her soft slippers, her sudden appearance around a corner caused some affright, particularly as a growl was liable to come from the depths of the sunbonnet.

In those days of very long full skirts, when ladies' feet beneath their skirts "like little mice peeped in and out," Peggy Fulton shocked everyone by wearing awfully short skirts, and when the everlasting sunbonnet was *not* on her head, she wore the queerest looking caps which attracted more attention than the old bonnet. Anything to be contrary was evidently her rule.

Her room was on the top floor in the west corridor and certainly the "dark hall" as it was called, never had as odd an occupant of its breezy roms as was this Peggy Fulton.

Erin's Isle was her birthplace and she lived to be eighty years old in spite of the fact that her veins never knew the milk of human kindness.

Peggy's windows were very close to the school-bell in its little belfry and at this time that bell called together the pupils of Ambrose Rondthaler, that rare spirit, who for years was at the head of the day school, adored by the teachers and pupils alike. His home was on the green adjacent to the school, shaded by some of the old cedars which gave their name to littl Cedar Street, and fronting the splendid willow trees which stood on the square for years and years, forming with their gray green grace, a most picturesque setting for the old buildings.

Dwelling in the Rondthaler home, was, of course, Sister Rondthaler. Much has been told about Brother Rondthaler's dominant personality, his characteristic way of doing and saying things which usually achieved the result he desired. Nothing has been said of the chief cause of his success, his homelife. If ever a woman stood back of a man it was Sister Rondthaler. Quietly, unobtrusively, she made his hearth stone a place of joy. Taking no part herself in the affairs of the community, she made it possible for him to take his place in it, and to train her children to meet like demands upon them.

One of the historic pieces of furniture in Bethlehem, has been in her family for four generations. It is a gate leg table dating back to the time of the erection of the stately Sisters' House in Herrnhut about 1730.

That building was furnished by the donations of friends, and a certain Frau von Gersdorf ransacked her attic for some things and found the mahogany table which she sent to the sisters with the other gifts she had collected for them. Louisa von Hayn was then deaconess and had the table placed in her room to be used as a business desk.

Louisa was very good at writing verses and hymns, and while she was deaconess wrote the hymn, "Jesus makes my heart rejoice."

Therefore, as she used the table as a desk, it is reasonably certain that the hymn was written while seated at this table.

Now the table became too small as the business of the Sisters' House grew, so when the Sisters' House in Bethlehem was built, it, with other furniture was sent across the ocean to Pennsylvania. Here again it was placed in the rooms of the deaconess and used for official business.

Once more it became too small and this time was given to an old sister in the house. By and by she moved to Nazareth, and presented her table to one of the widows, who afterward gave it to the grandmother of Sister Rondthaler.

The little table is now a treasured possession of the daughter of the Rondthalers, and has its history carefully written out and pasted in the drawer.

The hymn for which the table stood sponsor is

the best loved hymn of the Moravian Church. It is the hymn played by the trombone choir as the announcement of the death of a little girl, it is also the hymn sung by parents and children at the morning prayer of the Married People's Festival Day. It is sung by the children on their own Festival Day; it is sung at the celebration of the Holy Communion; it has death bed associations; in fact there is no place in the ritual of the Church where this hymn is not appropriate.

Written by one of the earliest of the Moravian sisters, and sung by every sister who has come after her for nigh two hundred years, the old hymn lives by reason of its perfect faith.

It lives for us to-day with the same fervor it had for our grandmothers; it will live to-morrow for our children, and again for their children. For whether we be white, or black, or red, as long as the Moravian Church shall endure we will sing with Louisa von Hayn:

"Trusting His mild staff always
I go in and out in peace
He will feed me with the treasure
Of His grace in richest measure
When athirst to Him I cry
Living water He'll supply."

A POEM BY JOHN SWANWICK OF PHILADELPHIA.

O Bethlehem! dear romantic rural shade,
By pious hands, for contemplation made,
I joy once more to share thy fragrant breeze,
To take my walk beneath thy lofty trees.

To wind along the margin of thy stream
And there invoke the Muse's fancied dream;
Or stray along thy groves where Heav'n bestows
Health unimpair'd, and undisturb'd repose.

How sweet to view, along the flow'ry lawn
Thy tribes, O Bethlehem! by devotion drawn,
In social meetings, offer social prayers,
And with the sympathetic sense, allay their cares.

How sweet to see your peaceful train descend
The grassy hillocks which to Lehigh tend,
There, in soft converse, innocently gay,
With song of birds, protract the fleeting day.

How clear, Monockasey, thy waters glide,
What beauteous willows fan thy silver tide!
What velvet meads adorn thy winding shore!
What hills stupendous round its vallies soar!

What industry these buildings must have rear'd!
What holy virtues their abodes endear'd!
Where ease and labour keep alternate sway,
And winds unruffled—mark not life's decay.

Music! thou course of pleasures most refin'd,
Thou softest soother of the pensive mind,
Not here a stranger is thy potent charm,
Which can the soul with fire celestial warm.

When evening, with her mantle, veils the sky,
Then clouds of incense from these vallies fly,
Then vocal adds to instrumental praise,
And all the village its glad homage pays.

O then, may Heaven accept the grateful strain,
Nor let the service be perform'd in vain,
But with unnumber'd blessings crown the fields
Whose happy owners his protection shields.

Adieu! sweet shades! accept these hasty lines,
A Friend, in honour of your charms, designs;
Tho' weak the verse, yet is the bard sincere,
Who these lov'd vallies visits once a year,
And hopes, yet long, with annual joy to see
This fav'rite Beth'lem from affliction free.

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